

*William Oliver*  
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ONE PENNY.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE are portentous signs of a coming revolution in the East of Europe. Rumours of an insurrection at St. Petersburg and a provisional government at Moscow, are floating through the air, and the telegram from Warsaw has brought the news that part of Poland has been declared in a state of siege. It seems not unlikely that the huge Muscovite empire, long held together, in the face of a democratic Europe, by the iron grip of Czar Nicholas, will break into pieces under the weaker sway of his successor. The time is against big empires, whether absolutistic, oligarchic, or democratic.

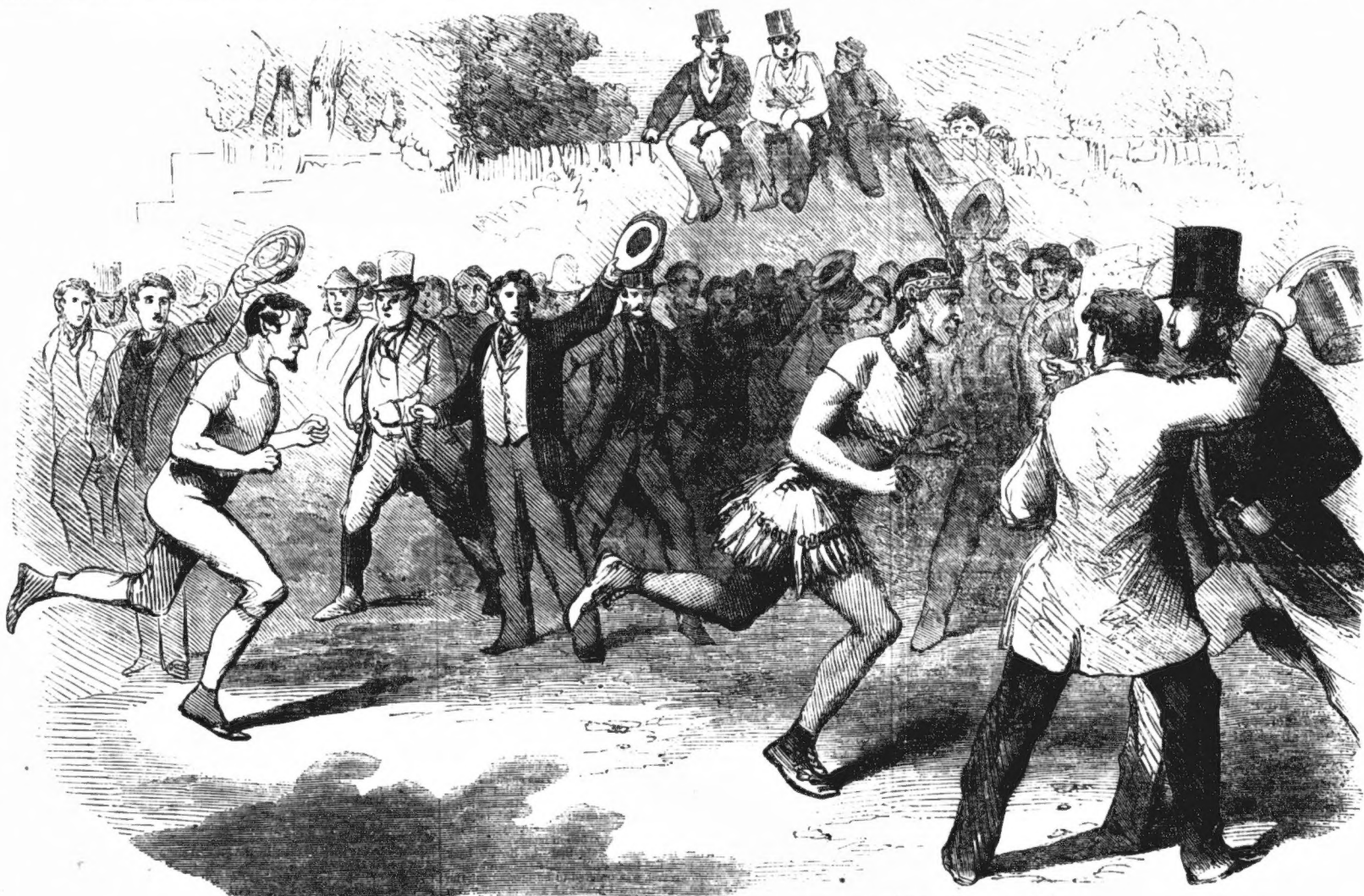
Half the continent of Europe has been amused during the week with the details of the solemn comedy of coronation, played off at Königsberg from Monday to Friday. King William I. of Prussia, having, with his well-known taste for theatrical displays, decided on acting a great show piece, "regardless of expense," the sight could not fail to be attractive. Our old world, with its dead level of political, social, and religious equality, has got to be so prosaic, that a revived coronation show must generally be acknowledged a most refreshing relief. Thus the mediæval chief of the Hohenzollern family deserves the thanks of nations for his timely display.

From America the reports are still of the most gloomy character. Armies are marching from east to west, generals are issuing proclamations, and statesmen are bandying big words; but a solution of the strife seems to be as far off as ever. The latest news positively asserts that a battle will be fought on the banks of the Potomac within the next few days, which is to decide the fate of at least two States of the Union. However, such assertions have been so often made and contradicted, that but little reliance can be placed on them. Besides, one other battle will scarcely change the state of affairs to a considerable extent. Great diseases, it is generally agreed, cannot be cured by short operations; and slavery is such a frightful cancer, that one can scarcely expect to see it uprooted in less than a hundred battles. And exterminated it must be, before America will have rest and lasting prosperity.

Sad reports have arrived from Ireland within the last few days. It is stated that more than one-half of the potato crop, the chief means of subsistence of the bulk of the nation, has been destroyed by blight, and that in many parts of the country the people are already on the brink of starvation. Perhaps there is a little exaggeration in these statements; but even if only one-half should prove true, the prospects for the

coming winter would be fearful. The fact that the great outlet of Irish sinew and muscle in the broad expanse of the Western world is shut up for the moment, and the wave of emigration changed into one of immigration, must necessarily increase the gloom. The experience of the past, it is to be hoped, will prove a lesson this time, to stave off the threatening misery.

The old truth, that crime and punishment go hand in hand has received another striking illustration in the death, by his own hand, of Viscount Forth. The noble family of Perth, one of the most ancient houses in the kingdom, the pedigree of which reaches up to the throne of Scotland, has thus perished in the last of the race—a sad example of chivalry perverted. The heir of Perth at an early age fell into dissolute habits, and sinking deeper and deeper, leaving his wife to the mercy of seducers, and his honour to the reporters of the Divorce Court, at last ended in a common lodging-house, his dead mistress at one side, and a bottle of laudanum at the other. The story is not new, by any means; but has been acted over and over again, by peers and peasants, kings and subjects, nobles and commoners. It is one of those stories which, it seems, must be often repeated before its moral is brought home to the understanding of a generation.



FOOT RACE BETWEEN "DEERFOOT" AND "THE AMERICAN DEER." (SEE PAGE 18.)



# FOOT RACE BETWEEN "DEERFOOT" AND THE "AMERICAN DEER."

(See engraving on page 17 and portrait on page 21.)

Monday afternoon last was a sort of Derby day for West-end Londoners. Every omnibus along the Strand and Piccadilly had its full freight of passengers, inside and outside; and thousands of Hansoms and four-wheelers gave Knights-bridge the appearance of the Cock at Dutton. The vast human wave was floating towards the West London Cricket Grounds at Brompton, where a copper-coloured Indian, yeolpet "Deerfoot," was advertised to run a race with the best English pedestrian, Jackson, of Norwich, surnamed "The American Deer." The race excited an unusual amount of interest, owing to the fact that "Deerfoot" had hitherto beaten all opponents pitted against him, and Jackson was the only man believed to be his match. To a considerable extent the course was also caused by the exquisite lovely weather of Monday afternoon. The air, in its warm and sunny brilliancy, was more like a June than an October day.

Making our way through the dense file of carriages and pedestrians, we, in company with our artist, set out for the scene of action early in the afternoon. Cabby, to whom we confided our lives, set us down at the bottom of a narrow, dirty lane, close to the Hospital of Consumption, Brompton, and pointing his fist northward, left us to our fate. The lane was densely crowded with gentlemen, roughs, and nondescript people, some of them running, some standing, and some riding on the top of a high brick wall on the left. We were considerably offered a seat in the same elevated position for the consideration of a "tanner," but declined the offer, with thanks. We had not passed above two hundred yards up the lane when the crowd began to impede our progress, bringing us, before long, to a complete standstill. We now discovered that we were standing close to the entrance of the West London Cricket Ground, into which some seven or eight hundred people tried to pass at the same time. The entrance was beautifully arranged for keeping everybody out. A hole in the wall, rather less than three feet wide, was half closed up by a wooden box, in which a grinning Cerberus offered his tickets to the deluded crowd. Many were the hands outstretched for the much-coveted prize, and many the silver shillings offered in exchange for the dirty pieces of paper; but, alas, hope and desire were alike vain. The hole in the wall would only admit one moderately thin person at a time, and as two stout ones deemed it their bounden duty to get through at the same moment, the orifice was shut hopelessly against the impatient crowd. Of course there were no policemen in sight to keep order and regularity, the gentlemen of "the force" being too deeply interested in matters within to attend to business without. Affairs seemed desperate, when on a sudden our artist friend, inspired by a new idea, re-acted the part of Arnold of Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, and breaking his way over the heads of the two fat men, scattered the blockading force. In after him surged the torrent of pedestrians; and we, too, after a while, found ourselves within the formidable cricket ground, having paid due submission to the Cerberus in the wooden box, and an extra tribute to the crowd in the shape of a broken umbrella and a pair of torn coat sleeves. But we were within and rejoiced.

But the joy lasted a very short while. We found that, though within, we were not enabled to see anything whatever of the race. The brick wall was passed; but before us stood another and still more formidable wall of human flesh and blood, which it seemed impossible to penetrate. We were utterly perplexed, and sinking into gloomy despondency, when at the critical moment a voice above our head made the liberal offer to lift us on to the top of a strong fence for the slight gratuity of "one bob." We accepted joyfully, and in another second found ourselves riding on a curious combination of nettles, thorns, and broken glass bottles, elegantly varied with short iron spikes. The seat was not soft; but having paid our "bob," we had to remain quiet, and thank heaven for having got so far. And presently we were rewarded for all our pain and labour, for the glorious long-expected race began to burst upon our vision. There stood the "American Deer,"—a bald-headed old man, looking very much like a superannuated beadle, in bathing costume; and there, too, stood "Deerfoot," a tall, red-skinned biped, with a pear-shaped head and exorbitantly thin legs. The position of the racers having been adjusted, and the signal been given, the two started off with hearty good will. The first quarter of a mile of the race—the circumference of the ground—was somewhat disappointing; the movements of both runners appearing to us most cumbersome, ungraceful, and heavy, and very unlike the exquisite suppleness with which the four-footed racers of the Epsom Downs fly through the air. However, before the second round was finished, the excitement, visible in ten thousand faces around, gained upon us, and we began eagerly watching the contest. It was not long doubtful. Before the tenth round had been finished, "Deerfoot" was ahead some twenty yards, and at the end of the twelfth the race was virtually at an end, though four more rounds had to be run over, to complete the distance. Copper-coloured "Deerfoot" loftily stalked to the winning post; while the poor old "American Deer" had to be led from the course by friendly hands. The four miles were run by "Deerfoot" in exactly twenty-one minutes, or at the rate of little more than five minutes per mile.

To our portrait of "Deerfoot" on page 21, an excellent likeness, we append the following biographical particulars. "Deerfoot," in colour, is the genuine North American Indian, with a skin as bright as "polished pine." He stands 5ft. 11½ in., and weighs about 11st. 6lb. He runs rather flat-footed, except when spurring; but his usual stride appears with his legs to be gliding, his shoulders moving slightly at each motion, his neck being very stiff, which gives his head an appearance of rolling from side to side. He is one of the finest specimens of the American Indian that has appeared in England, being much above the usual height, with the dorsal muscles so fully developed, that while running he appears to be round-shouldered, the muscles in the lumbar regions being equally well matched with the former. His chest is thoroughly developed, the pectorals being larger than in most British "peds," and the biceps and forearms show a power which could be little expected from a son of the prairies. His frontispiece is characteristic of his pedigree—the steady, full dark eye, with malar bones fully developed, and the lower maxillary full, but receding. His hair is of the usual horse-hair texture, but rather long.

## Foreign News.

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**FRANCE.**  
The visit of the King of Prussia to the Emperor of the French, has been closely followed by that of the King of the Netherlands who arrived on Saturday last, at half-past 5 p.m., at Compiègne. The Emperor went to meet him at the railway station. The Empress, accompanied by the Princess Mathilde and the Princess Anna Murat received the King at the foot of the staircase. In the evening there was a grand dinner, yesterday a promenade in the forest and a visit to Pierrefond; in the evening, the theatre. The King is expected to stay above a week.

The bread riots in Paris have been successfully suppressed. Wheat is arriving in large quantities. Sales were difficult at the Paris flour market last week, even at a reduction of price. Choice samples alone maintained their price of from 88s. to 90s. the sack of 157 kilogrammes. Inferior quality was offered at from 84s. to 87s.

A terrible storm has caused great devastation in the department of Gard. The Lalle mine was flooded by water, in consequence of which the sides fell in, burying 117 workmen, who, it is feared, are either suffocated or drowned.

It is said that a promise has been made to the French Government that French wines shall be admitted into the English market at a less rate of duty than that which is charged on those produced in other countries. As the question is to be opened early next session, a mission has been despatched to the various wine countries to get up data to enable Mr. Gladstone to redeem the pledge. An officer of the London Customs has been sent to France, and he has had a clerk from the Customs' Secretary's office appointed to assist him in inquiring into the Italian trade. Two other officers have also been appointed, one to inquire into the Spanish and Portuguese, and another into the Hungarian wine trade.

**ITALY.**  
There are no particular news from the kingdom of Italy. The report that condemnation of Father Passaglia's book on the Italian question and against the temporal authority has been pronounced by the Congregation of the Index is what might have been expected. The father was refused liberty to defend his book. From Southern Italy there is no other news than that General La Marmora has assumed the command of the army there, in place of Cialdini. The whereabouts of Borge's is unknown, but an attack by his band on the city of Catanzaro is rumoured. It seems certain that the whole of the ex-kingdom of Naples is in a very disorganised condition, notwithstanding General Cialdini's assertion to the contrary.

**PRUSSIA.**  
The solemn coronation of the King and Queen of Prussia took place at Königsberg this week. However, the details of the imposing ceremony, for which the Prussian tax-payers will have to be rather heavily assessed, are as yet wanting. The King and Queen arrived at the gates of Königsberg at twelve o'clock on Monday, and were received by the Royal Princes, the generals, the presidents, and the civic authorities. The King rode on horseback, surrounded by the Princes of the Royal House. The Queen rode in a state carriage drawn by eight horses. Their Majesties were cheered by the crowds on their way through the streets. The procession proceeded through the lines formed by the corporations, guilds, and companies, the people continually cheering, and the crowd being everywhere very great. All the houses were richly decorated, and were filled with spectators to the roofs. At the Castle their Majesties were received by the Princesses of the Royal House, and the body of the officers and clergy. The number of strangers who have arrived in the city is enormous. Among the representatives of foreign rulers at the coronation, the Duke of Magenta, Marshal McMahon, is to sustain the generous character of France, and exhibit the regard of the Emperor for King William by an immense outlay.

**RUSSIA AND POLAND.**  
The *Czar*, a journal of Cracow, brings the extraordinary news of a revolution in Russia. The journal asserts that the insurrection at St. Petersburg is actually accomplished, and that the telegraphic lines between that city and Warsaw have been cut, the postal communication between both cities suspended during four days, and a telegram addressed to General Lambert, stating that the people along with the army are besieging the winter palace. The *Czar* further states that in a few days there will at Warsaw be an attempt made to establish a provisional Government, having for its object the proclamation of a Liberal Government, the dethroning of the German reigning family, transfer the capital to Moscow, and make St. Petersburg a commercial free city. Probably, this insurrection is a mere *canard*.

A less apocryphal telegram from Warsaw, dated Monday, October 14, reports, that a proclamation, published the same day, declares the Kingdom of Poland to be in a state of siege. The military have pitched their tents in the public squares and places of Warsaw. The wearing of mourning or of mourning insignia is prohibited. An insurrection in Poland is hourly expected.

**AUSTRIA.**  
The conglomerate empire of Austria continues in a very disturbed state, the Government, however, persevering in its attempts to cement the bond of union between the various provinces by means of local Diets. In consequence of the representations made to the Ministry by the Transylvanian Government, the opening of the Transylvanian Diet has been adjourned to the 15th November next. Several magistrates of Transylvania have prohibited the public functionaries from accepting any election as deputies to the Transylvanian Diet.

**GREECE.**  
The succession to the throne of King Otho of Greece—a childless man—is now warmly agitated in diplomatic circles, and causing some excitement among the minor princes of Germany, whom the luck of so many of their cousins in picking up sceptres, has inspired with an ambition to rule on their own account over more than a few square miles of territory, without the interference of a federal chief. The visit which the Bavarian King paid the King of Prussia, at Ostend, is now mentioned in conjunction with this question, and it is also included in the *on dit* of what has been discussed at Compiègne.

**ALGERIA.**  
Accounts from Algeria state that the false Cherif Mohammed-ben-Abd-Allah, who a few years ago retired into the Touat, lately again made his appearance in the oasis of Ouargha, where he committed many acts of violence, and even spoke of destroying the palm trees. On hearing of his aggression, measures were adopted to protect the tribes of the Sahara and chastise the disturber of the peace. The gnomes of the different districts assembled under their caïds, and proceeded in quest of Mohammed, and after several combats the false Cherif was driven back to his former place of refuge in the Touat, leaving in the hands of his pursuers several prisoners, and a number of camels loaded with the spoils which he had collected during his predatory incursion, and by attacking caravans while crossing the Sahara.

**CUBA AND MEXICO.**  
The last intelligence from Havana is to the effect of the 16th of September. At that date the preparations for the expedition to Mexico were being carried on with the greatest activity. The state of the negotiations commenced in Europe was not known, but special instructions were daily expected from the Cabinet of Madrid. The Spanish Admiral hoped to be able to disembark the troops at Vera Cruz in the course of the month of November—as from that time to the month of February, the climate is most favourable to Europeans. The expedition is very popular with all classes in Cuba.

**NORTH AMERICA.**  
The civil war in the Dis-United States continues its slow length, neither party advancing, but the southerners, if anything, in the ascendant. It was reported at Cairo, Illinois, that the Confederate General Polk, with 20,000, had taken possession of Mansfield, Kentucky. General Price's pickets (Confederate) extended from Lexington to within eight miles of Georgetown. The main body of General Price's force was still at Lexington. The number of troops under his command was reported at 35,000, and additions were expected from Hardee of 8,000 to 9,000, and from McCulloch of 10,000, making a total force of about 54,000. Ten thousand troops were said to have crossed the river at Lexington on the 26th, with an intention of attacking General Lane. The seal and records of the State of Missouri fell into Price's hands. It is reported that 10,000 Confederates were marching northward, through Greene County, Mobile, and 4,000 through Bates County, on Osceola. A force of 10,000 was threatening St. Joseph, being only 14 miles distant; only 700 Federal troops were there to defend the city. The *Louisville Journal* of the 30th ult., states that General Zollicoffer had taken Manchester, Clay County, Kentucky, with great destruction of property. It was rumoured that an engagement had occurred between 600 Confederates and 500 of the Indiana Regiment. The result was unknown. General Price of the Confederate army, had issued his bulletin respecting the capture of Lexington. He states that he captured 3,500 prisoners, including four colonels and a major, five pieces of artillery and two mortars, many sets of cavalry equipments, wagons, teams, and ammunition, more than \$100,000 worth of commissariat stores, and a large amount of other property. In addition, he had got possession of the great seal of the State and the public records, and about \$900,000 in money, which latter, however, he says, belonged to the banks in Lexington, and has been returned to them. This splendid military achievement, General Price says, cost him only 25 men killed and 72 wounded. General Lane, we learn by a dispatch from Leavenworth, after his alleged successful engagement with the Confederates at Popinsville, made a forced march on Osceola, and succeeded in capturing a large supply train left there by Generals Rains and Price, together with \$100,000 in money.

Advices from New York, of the 1st instant, state that the British bark *Hiawatha*, from Virginia for Liverpool, has been condemned as a lawful prize. The cargo of the brig *Mystery*, a prize vessel, was ordered to be discharged, the Government only claiming the vessel. Secretary Chase met several American shipowners on the 30th ult., at the Custom-house, and agreed to accept bonds

for only that portion of ships owned at the South, and to allow all of the seized craft thus held on joint account to continue in service. The ship *Grotto* was seized by the aids of Port-surveyor Andrews on the 30th ult., under the Confiscation Act. One-sixteenth part is owned by persons residing in Savannah.

## CHINA.

The St. Petersburg Journal of the 24th has the following from China—Advices from Peking of the 24th of August announce the death of the Bogdokaan (Emperor). On the morning of that day two decrees inserted in the Peking Journal made known his last wishes. By the first he appointed his son heir to the Celestial Empire; and by the second he adjured to him a council of eight composed of Zaiyuan (L-tain-wan), Douan-louan (Tchen-tain-wan), Loulouan, Taintou, Mou-in, Kuan-yuan, Douhan, and Tain-yu-in. Prince Kung does not figure in this list. At two in the afternoon it was announced that the Bogdokaan had just drawn his last breath. All business was suspended for three weeks on account of the event. The tranquillity of the capital had not been disturbed.

## Home News.

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Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the younger members of the Royal Family, continue their quiet sojourn at Balmoral. It is expected that the Queen and suite will arrive in Edinburgh, on their return from Balmoral, on the evening of Tuesday the 22nd inst., and that on the following day his Royal Highness the Prince Consort will lay the foundation stones of the new General Post Office and the new Industrial Museum buildings. The Court will leave Holyrood Palace for England early on Thursday morning the 24th inst.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived on Wednesday at Clumberpark, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, Lord-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire.

It is stated that his Royal Highness Prince Leopold will not pass the ensuing winter in Southern Italy, as was originally intended. A house has been taken for his Royal Highness at Capri, near to the villa of Lord Brougham, and the young Prince will proceed thither in a few weeks in charge of Sir Edward Bowater.

The Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Duchess Constantine of Russia, with their infant daughter, honoured Admiral Sir Augustus and Lady Elizabeth Clifford with their company at Incheon, on Saturday, at their house at Westfield, near Hyde.

The Duke of Rutland and friends have been shooting at Cheveley, Newmarket. About 1,000 head of game were killed in one week.

The Earl and Countess of Derby will entertain a large circle during the next four successive weeks.

Earl Granville spent some time in Liverpool on Friday, together with the Chancellor of Exchequer and Mr. W. Fairbairn.

Earl Russell arrived at Sunderland on Saturday afternoon on a visit to his daughter, the wife of the Rev. H. M. Vickers, curate of Bishopwearmouth.

Lord Munk, the newly-appointed Governor-General of Canada, sailed from Derry on Thursday in the Canadian steamer *North Briton*, for the seat of his Government.

The Earl of Dudley will form one of the suite of the Earl of Claremont at the approaching coronation of the King of Prussia.

The ceremony of conferring degrees and honours connected with the Queen's University, Ireland, took place on Friday. The presentations were made by the Lord-Lieutenant.

His Grace the Duke of Argyll has accepted an invitation to a dinner to be given him by his tenantry in the Argyll Arms Hotel, Inverary. The dinner is expected to take place about the 25th inst.

It is understood that St. Paul's will be thrown open for evening service on Advent Sunday, Dec. 1, and Exeter Hall about the same time, for a lengthened series.

The living of Hurstmonceux, where the estimable archdeacon Hare laboured for so many years, has just been sold for £7,300, which, the auctioneer said, was "dirt cheap."

The death is announced of Sir James Hamlyn Williams, Bart., for some years member for Carmarthenshire. It took place at his residence, Clovelly Court, Bideford, on the 10th inst. The deceased was born in 1790.

The inquiries which the police have made, with a view to bring to light the perpetrator of the brutal outrage upon a lady in the suburbs of Dublin, have resulted in the apprehension of a cab driver, named John Curran.

The English cricketers going out to Australia were banqueted at the Bridge House Hotel, London-bridge, on Thursday evening.

On Monday night at eleven o'clock a fire broke out in some timber-built stables at Woolwich-common, in the occupation of Mr. George Myers, contractor, of Lambeth, which resulted in the total destruction of the premises and fourteen valuable horses, two men being also severely injured.

The erection of docks capable of accommodating the Warrior and other vessels of the class is under the consideration of the Government. The situation of the proposed docks is between Gravesend and Thurn battery.

The Duchess of Inverness entertained their Royal Highnesses the Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge at dinner, on Monday evening, at Kensington Palace. The Duke of Somerset and a select party were present on the occasion.

A Royal Commission, composed of some of the leading judges and of the law officers of the Crown (English and Irish), is about to commence an inquiry into the legal establishments of Ireland, with a view to the diminution of the *personnel* and the expenses of the courts. The commission will hold its sittings in Dublin.

The session of the Catholic University, under its new president, was inaugurated on Sunday with great pomp. Archbishop Cullen was present, and the *Dublin Morning News* says, delivered "a magnificent oration." There will be a great effort made to get a charter and an endowment for this institution.

A public meeting will be held in the metropolis in the month of November, at which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has consented to preside, for the purpose of taking such steps as will result in a worthy memorial to the late Lord Herbert.

Two deaths have occurred this week which will excite some public interest. The first is that of Sir W. Cubitt, the eminent engineer, whose name is identified with many important public works, the greatest of them being the Crystal Palace of 1851, the erection of which he superintended. Major Sibthorp died very suddenly on Monday. This event creates a vacancy in the representation of Lincoln, where the Sibthorp influence was supreme.

A New Agricultural Hall is about to be erected at Islington, at a cost of £24,950. The erection will comprise the largest site of buildings of the kind in London. Lord Bernal, the president of the Smithfield Club, will lay the first stone on or about the 5th of November, and it is therefore expected that the hall will be opened and the Club Exhibition for 1862 held there.

The execution of the wicked man, Cogan, condemned for the murder of his wife took place at Newgate on Monday morning. The horrible event appeared to excite more than ordinary interest among the lowest classes of the population.

On Monday morning the Lord Provost of Glasgow, received a communication from Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, dated from Balmoral, conveying his Majesty's commands that the execution of the sentence of death passed on Daniel Fraser, for the murder of Patrick M. Kenny, at the recent Glasgow Circuit Court, be respite until further signification by her Majesty.

The Government, it is understood, have resolved to further increase the fortification of Shotly Point, on the opposite side of the harbour of Harwich, by the erection of a short and extensive casemated barracks, at an outlay of nearly £80,000.

The potatoes have, after all, turned out better than was expected in the eastern district, although fears were entertained a few weeks since that they were again diseased. At Ipswich a cargo of potatoes has been shipped for Holland, the first instance on record of such a requirement on the part of our worthy Dutch friends.

It can no longer be doubted that in several districts in Ireland the harvest is so deficient as to cause intense anxiety for the welfare of the poorer residents in those localities. At a public meeting held at Kilmoyce, county Mayo, it was stated that five-sixths of the potato crop in that district have been destroyed by the blight and recent floods, and that if all the corn grown in Kilmoyce was converted into meal it would not support the population, which numbers about 6,000 souls, for two months.

During the week an aged man, of tall, commanding figure, has been visiting the Yorkshire towns, dressed in a strange garb, and proclaiming himself to be the King of Kings. He wore a coat of sackcloth or frieze, having on his back a Latin cross formed of large brass buttons. Over his chest he wore a metal breast-plate, having a silver chalice suspended round his neck. He was profusely adorned with flowers, and carried a woady in each hand. On his head he wore a very large crown of thorns, from beneath which fell long locks of silvery hair. The Yorkshire papers say that the man is *not* insane!

Earl Russell visited Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday, and was the subject of a most enthusiastic reception. In the morning an address from the inhabitants of the town was presented to his Lordship, who, in acknowledging the compliment, dwelt upon the wisdom of proceeding slowly and deliberately with constitutional and commercial changes of importance. In the evening, the noble Earl attended a grand banquet given in the New Music Hall. Lord Durham presided, and a distinguished company assembled to do honour to the illustrious statesman. In responding to the toast of his health, the noble Earl, after briefly alluding to the part he took in the great Reform agitation, and to the benefits which have resulted from the measure of 1832 and the adoption of free trade, passed on to speak of Italy. He asserted that, in his opinion, the spiritual power of the Pope would gain, rather than lose, by separation from the existing temporal sovereignty.



## VOLUNTEER MOVEMENTS.

A grand review, in which both volunteers and regulars took part, came off at Manchester on Saturday. The men on the ground numbered rather more than 3,000. General Wetherall was the commander for the day, and the affair passed off very successfully.

It is understood that Colonel Hicks has sent in his resignation as governor of Whitecross-street prison, as well as commander of the London Volunteer Rifle Brigade.

On Saturday afternoon the presentation of the prizes of the 20th Middlesex, and also that of the prize given by Lieut. Colonel Bigge, and shot for by the three Middlesex corps using the rifle range at Willesden, took place on the ground at Willesden.

The annual prize shooting of the 37th Middlesex commenced on Monday last, at their range at Willesden, and continued during the week, prizes of considerable value being competed for.

During the latter portion of the past week the Second Hants Artillery Corps have been competing for prizes at Southsea Castle, firing with solid shot at 1,600 yards range. Captain Ragan, R.A., acted as umpire.

On Saturday the contest for prizes given by Captain Marshall to the H company of the West Middlesex Rifles (Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's) took place at Wormwood Scrubs under the direction of Captain Bridgman, the musketry instructor of the corps.

On Tuesday, the 22nd inst., the General commanding the South-Western District, Lord W. Paulet, will review the various volunteer corps of Hampshire, at Compton Down, near Winchester. This will be the second annual review.

On Saturday afternoon the members of the Third Company of the 30th Middlesex assembled at the practice ground, North Woolwich, to compete for two prizes given by the officers of the company. A silver cup was won by Corporal Harding, the second prize, a valuable rifle, was won by Private Fisher, sen.

It is stated that the National Rifle Association's annual competitive trial of small bore rifles will take place at Hythe early in February. Minimum here, 451; maximum weight, 9 lbs.; minimum pull of trigger, 6 lbs.

The first meeting of the City of Edinburgh and Midlothian Rifle Association, which is fixed for the 17th, 18th, and 19th inst., is likely to prove a great success. Although only a few weeks have elapsed since the formation of the association, up to Saturday last nearly eight hundred members had enrolled themselves.

The date of the presentation of the colours, silver bugles, and prizes to the City of London Rifle Brigade has been definitively fixed for Saturday, Sept. 19, at the Crystal Palace. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress will officiate in the presentation. The annual ball of the brigade will take place on Thursday, Nov. 14, in the Guildhall.

A second company to the London Irish Rifle Volunteers is in course of formation in the south district of London.

On Thursday evening, at a meeting held at Todmorden, and presided over by Mr. John Crossley, it was resolved to form a corps of Rifle Volunteers for that district.

On Wednesday last the 2nd Northumberland Rifle Volunteers underwent their annual inspection by Major Harman, the inspecting officer for the Northern Counties, at their headquarters in Ilkham.

The annual prize contest of the Third Company of North York Volunteers commenced on Tuesday, and was completed on Thursday, upon the range in Castle Howard-park. The elite of the neighbourhood were present. The shooting was extremely good, every prize being very closely contested.

The Rifle Volunteers of the Western Division of the County of Cornwall, for the first time since they were formed into an administrative battalion, were inspected on the 30th ult. by Col. M'Murdo. The battalion was 659 strong, under the command of Major-General Tremehere.

On Friday last a competition among the members of the Carlisle Rifle Volunteers for prizes given by the non-commissioned officers took place at Silloth. The prizes were £5, £3, £2, and 10s., and the ranges 200 yards, five shots at each. The first prize was won by Private Rudd, who made 14 points.

On Tuesday the second battalion of the Cornish Volunteers assembled at Bodmin. There were 320 men present, who were put through various evolutions. Colonel M'Murdo at the termination of the proceedings assured the corps that, although their drill was not what it would become, they were on the high road to thorough efficiency.

On Monday the Whitehaven Artillery Volunteers were inspected by Lieutenant Colonel Anderson, R.A., who congratulated them on their soldierly appearance. Their height—on an average, he should say, 5 feet 8½ inches—combined with their broad shoulders, made capital material for soldiers.

The Second Devon (Plymouth) Volunteers assembled on Wednesday last at Harford-moor, near Ivybridge, for a rifle shooting match. The first prize (£10), was won by Sergeant Dyer. A silver goblet and salver, valued at £20, open to all Volunteers of Devon and Cornwall, was won by Private Opie, of Stonehouse. On Thursday the challenge cup was won by Sergeant Diment.

At Cambridge several matches took place last week. A prize of books, shot for at 200, 300, and 400 yards, was won by Corporal Redfern. The Ely corps were feted last week at Wilbarton, having received a special invitation from Lady Pell, to compete for three prizes; the first being an elegant chronometer given by her ladyship; the second, a handsome punch-bowl and cups.

The contest between 18 men of the 39th (Finsbury) and 18 of the 40th (Central London) Middlesex Rifles came off on Friday at Plumstead. It was arranged that there should be five rounds at each range of 200, 500, and 700 yards. At the 200 yards range the Finsbury scored a total of 81, and at 500, 53, the highest numbers being contributed by Sergeant White, Colour-Sergeant Smith, Corporal Northfield, and Privates Guy and Laurence. The Central London scored 83 at 200 and 39 at 500 yards.

A very sad accident occurred at Ashford on Saturday afternoon. A party of the Ashford rifle corps were engaged at ball practice at the target on the "Warren" when the marker, Sergeant John Whorley, drill instructor to the corps, was seen to come out of the butt, and the shot unfortunately struck him at the back part of the head, and passed out under the eye. Death was instantaneous.

## LAW AND POLICE.

**BRICKLAYERS IN A WINE CELLAR.**—On Monday William Taylor, a builder's labourer, was charged at the Bow-street Police-court, with stealing a quantity of wine from the cellars of Mr. Warno, of Henrietta-street. Mr. Warno, who is the Government contractor for the "Antigropelos," explained that he had a fine collection of valuable old wine, the cellar containing which had been bricked up. Lately some alterations were being made in the premises, and it was found that the builder's men at work there were constantly getting drunk. In fact their quarrels amongst themselves had brought them under the notice of this court, and one of them was a few days ago sentenced to two months' imprisonment in default of payment of a fine of £5 for a brutal assault on a comrade. It was ultimately discovered that the workmen had broken into the cellar, and stolen several magnums of wine of the vintage of 1821, which they had drunk out of tin mugs, and which they probably appreciated as highly as if it had been so much table-beer. The prisoner was remanded, to give time for the apprehension of his brethren in the spirit.

**THE ANNALS OF OBSCENITY.**—On Monday William Dugdale, of Holywell-street, Strand, was indicted at the Middlesex sessions for unlawfully selling, publishing, and disposing of obscene prints, pictures, books, and libels. The jury having found the accused guilty, a long account was given of the prisoner's antecedents. He had been engaged in the traffic of selling obscene books nearly forty years, and had spent a great number of them in prison. At various times tons weight of obscene books, pictures, and plates, had been seized upon his premises, and he was well known to be the principle instrument for the dissemination of this sort of pollution all over the country. The prisoner was sentenced to two years' hard labour.

**THE MAN WITH THREE WIVES.**—On Monday Samuel Mills, the man who has been twice examined on the charge of marrying three women, underwent a final examination at Southwark Police-court. Evidence was given of his having married Mrs. Suter, a widow, with whom he lived at New-cross, Elizabeth-street, and also Emma Underwood, whom he married at St. George's-in-the-East, on the 6th of May last. On being taken into custody, the prisoner admitted his marriage with Mary Suter, but said she had a husband living, and therefore he considered that the marriage with her at Charlton was null and void. The magistrate committed the prisoner for trial, but accepted bail.

**A ROW AT THE "ALHAMBRA PALACE."**—On Monday Mr. J. Bartleman, musical director at the Alhambra Palace, Leicester-square; Mr. George Butcher, treasurer; Mr. Charles Wyld, jun., nephew of the proprietor; Mr. Charles R. Laforest, cellerman; and Mrs. Elizabeth Hart, housekeeper, all of the same establishment, were charged at the Marlborough-street police-court, before Mr. Beadon, with committing a violent assault and doing grievous bodily harm to Mr. Henry Hart Davis, 18, Pall-mall East, manager of "the Palace." It appeared, from the evidence, that for some time past the receipts had not been what Mr. Davis expected, and the defendants having heard or imagined that they were all to be discharged, for the past three weeks had carried on a system of annoyance till, on Friday night, Mr. Davis was invited into a room under the pretence that a gentleman wanted to see him, when the assault, which was one of the most cowardly nature, was committed on him by the four male defendants—Mrs. Hart, aiding in it. All the defendants were bound over in the sum of £100 each to appear in a week.

**ATTEMPTED MURDER BY A SOLDIER.**—On Thursday a garrison Court-martial assembled at Colchester to try Private Allen of the 38th Regiment, upon the serious charge of loading his weapon with the intention of murdering Sergeant Robinson, of the same company. The matter assumed a very serious aspect, and there is little doubt that but for the prompt conduct of a corporal, who seized the delinquent in the act of putting the cap upon his rifle, the sergeant would have been murdered. The sentence upon the prisoner awaits the confirmation of the Commander-in-Chief. He has been twenty years in the service, and is decorated with four medals, but his general conduct has been very bad indeed. Other acts of insubordination have taken place in this regiment, which call for a more severe punishment than a garrison Court-martial can award, and an application for power to hold a general Court-martial on a desperate fellow named Grosser, of the 38th, has been made to the War-office.

**INCREASE OF INFANTICIDE.**—On Saturday, information was received at Great Scotland-yard, of the discovery of three infants, a male and two females, who had been cruelly murdered, one at Stepney, having a piece of tape so tightly drawn round the throat as to cut into the flesh, leaving no doubt that it had been deprived of life by strangulation; the other bodies were found, one in Arundel-street, Strand, and the third in the shrubbery on the west side of Hyde-park, the marks of violence leaving no doubt that they have been brutally murdered. A large reward is offered, and the police are using every effort to discover the perpetrators of these atrocious crimes.

**A BOY SHOT AT BURY.**—On Monday, at the Bury Petty Sessions, a boy named Henry Walmley was brought up on charge of having shot another boy, named John Wood. They had had some angry words together on Sunday evening, and the prisoner was heard to say, "Come here, Jack, let us part friends." Immediately after the pistol shot was heard, and it was found that Wood had one eye blown out. Three medical men attended him, and it was said he was in a very precarious state, as his life would be endangered by attending the court. The prisoner was consequently remanded till Friday.

**THE WESTMINSTER MURDER.**—The charge of perjury against the man Saunders, who was the principal witness in the case of the Westminster murder, was disposed of on Monday. Mr. Arnold, the magistrate, in accordance with the determination he had expressed, examined the witnesses, who swore that Saunders did not enter the court at the time of the murder. The magistrate decided that the evidence did not justify him in granting a warrant for the apprehension of Saunders: but he made the gratifying announcement that the granting of the reprieve was wholly unconnected with these proceedings. Malony's sentence he intimated, would be commuted in consequence of the recommendation of the jury.

**A VILLAGER IN COURT.**—On Tuesday Elizabeth Penning, a masculine-looking woman, who exhibited great violence of temper while being placed at the bar, was charged at the Southwark police-court, before Mr. Combe, with attempting to stab Richard Waltho, a man with whom she had formerly

lived. Just as the prosecutor was about to give his evidence in the witness-box, she made a furious rush at him, and, seizing him by the hair of the head, was about to inflict heavy blows, but fortunately three or four constables were on that side of the court, and they stepped between them, and after considerable violence rescued him. The prisoner was then forced into the dock and guarded by officers.—The prosecutor then stated that rather more than nine months ago he lived with her as his wife, but her conduct was so bad that he was compelled to leave her. She followed him about, and, meeting him in the street a few days afterwards, suddenly rushed upon him and stabbed him with a knife. She was apprehended at the time, and sentenced to six months' hard labour. When she came out he did all he could to avoid her, but last night he met her in Falsstaff-court, Kent-street, and before he could get out of her way she rushed at him with a knife in her hand, and attempted to stab him. He put up his arm and avoided the blow, when a constable fortunately came up and secured her.—The prisoner here made a violent effort to get out of the dock and seize him, but the officers restrained her, and Mr. Combe observed that she was such a violent woman that he should commit her for a month, and order her to find bail to keep the peace.—She was then removed by the gaoler.

**LONDON MIDWIFERY.**—On Tuesday Annie Vale, a midwife, aged 39, of 6, Henry-street, Limehouse-fields, near Stepney Old Church, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, at the Thames Police-court, charged with the very serious offence of "administering to Anne Horne a noxious drug with intent to procure abortion, whereby the life of the said Anne Horne was endangered." The prisoner is the wife of Benjamin Vale, an apothecary, who received his diploma as a Licentiate of the Apothecary's Company in 1839, and has been practising surgery and medicine, and was also in extensive practice as an accoucheur among the poor for upwards of twenty years in Hackney, Bethnal-green, Stepney, Limehouse, and adjacent places. Reports have been for some time prevalent, and anonymous letters have been sent to the police-stations, complaining that Vale and his wife had been guilty of most irregular practices. These rumours were confirmed last week by the commitment of Benjamin Vale for wilful murder under the coroner's warrant, for dreadful maltreatment of a woman, named Eliza Garrett, of 9, Coventry-street, Three Col-lane, Bethnal-green, and using instruments to procure abortion. William Garrett, the husband of the deceased, and an accomplice in the crime, was also committed on the warrant of Mr. John Humphrey, the coroner, for wilful murder. The details were of the most horrible description, and were unravelled by Mr. Humphrey and a jury, and afforded another proof of the usefulness of that important institution, the Coroner's Court. In consequence of what transpired at the inquest, attention was called to the midwifery practice of Mrs. Vale, and she was consequently arrested. The magistrate remanded the case for further inquiry.

**ACCIDENTAL POISONING.**—On Monday an inquest was held by the coroner for Westminster on the body of Mr. John Baker, aged 39, overseer to Mr. Reilly, gunmaker, Oxford-street. Captain John Burnaby, on the night before the death of the deceased, had been in company with him. He then complained of wind on the stomach, and said he should take a black draught as a remedy. Mrs. Baker, the wife of the deceased, said that after going to bed her husband asked her to go to the safe and fetch him a bottle containing medicine. As soon as he had drunk some of it he said, "My dear, I have taken aquafortis." He called for mustard and water, which he got and drank. He then fell on the floor, while his wife called in the police. Dr. Black and Dr. Grey arrived shortly afterwards, but they had not been long in the house when the unfortunate man died. The post mortem examination of the body showed that the deceased had suffered from a serious internal complaint. The poison which he had swallowed was found to be a weak solution of cyanide of potassium. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from taking poison by mistake."

**CUSTOMERS OF LOAN SOCIETIES.**—On Tuesday, George Roberts, 26, engraver, and John Bentley Dring, 50, designer, were indicted at the Middlesex Sessions for unlawfully attempting to obtain by false pretences, from Charles Harlin, the sum of £5, with intent to defraud the Leviathan Loan Society; Richard Evans, 35, and Amelia Evans, were indicted for attempting a like fraud on the same society. Mr. Tindal Atkinson prosecuted; Mr. Kemp and Mr. Dickie appeared for the prisoners. The frauds charged against the prisoners were committed in this way. An application was made for a loan to the society, and one gave a reference to the other, who, on the manager or secretary making inquiries, showed false receipts for rent and taxes. In one case the money had been obtained, in the other there was a failure. These receipts were not produced, and no notice had been served on the prisoners to bring them forward, so that secondary evidence could not be given of their contents, and the cases consequently broke down, and the prisoners were acquitted, but were severely cautioned as to their future proceedings. The Judge said the evidence was not brought before the Court in a legal form, of which the prisoners would have the advantage, but they had much better not attempt the like again.

**SEDUCTION AND DESERTION.**—On Monday, a decent and rather prepossessing-looking young woman named Mary Ord, aged twenty, applied to the magistrates at the Town-hall, Leeds, through the chief constable, for their advice and assistance under the following circumstances. She stated that she was the daughter of a collier living at Shincliffe, near Durham, and that a young man who had lodged with them had, under the promise of marriage, induced her to leave her home and accompany him to Liverpool. They arrived in Leeds on Saturday too late to be married, but he persuaded her to stay with him at Mr. Gibson's Temperance Coffee-house, Mill-hill, as his wife. On the following morning he went out for a walk, and as he did not return she went to the railway station, thinking that he might have gone there to look after the luggage. She then discovered that he had left for Liverpool by the train, taking her things along with his own, and leaving her entirely destitute. Having no money she applied to the chief constable, who provided for her during the night, and on Monday he brought the case before the Bench. They desired him to write to the girl's parents, and on Tuesday she was sent home, an allowance being made to her out of the poor box. She had never before, with one exception, been more than seven miles from home.



**GEN. McCLELLAN.**

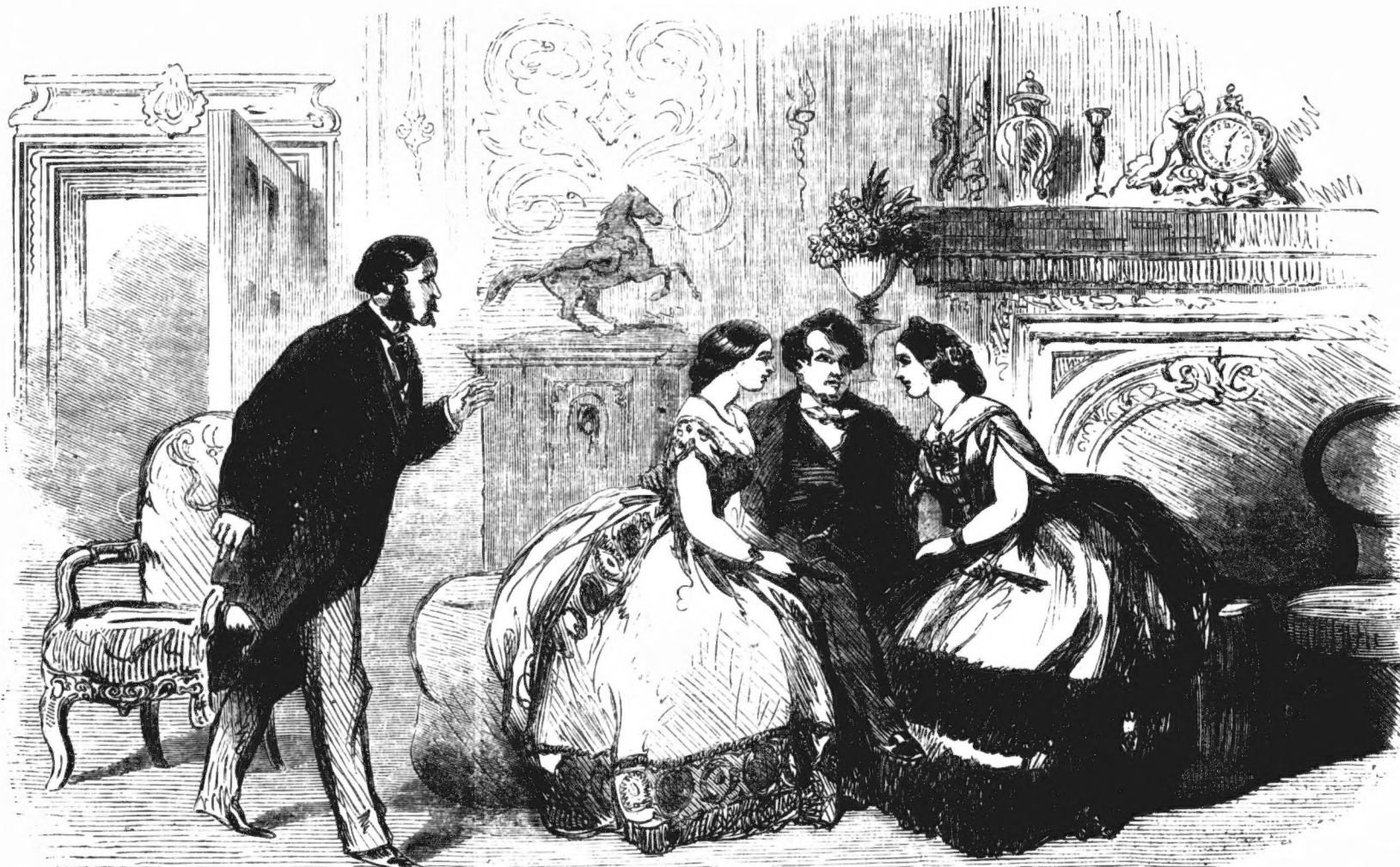
GENERAL McCLELLAN is now generally believed to be the ablest officer in the army of the Northern States of America; and great hopes are entertained on all sides that he ultimately will turn out the leading man of a victorious campaign. The well-known American author and traveller, Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent letters from the seat of war, gives a spirited account of the general. "At a recent cavalry and artillery review," he says, "I had an opportunity of contrasting McClellan with a score of generals and princes. There were McDowell, Porter, Keyes, Blenker, Smith, and Marcy, all manly, gallant faces and figures of true military bearing; Colonels de Trobriand and Salm-Salm, with their dashing, chivalrous air; the Prince de Joinville, twisted and stooping, lounging on his horse; the Orleans Princes, with their mild, amiable faces, and aspect of languid interest—in all a most remarkable group of figures. A horse's length in advance sat the smallest man in the party, broad-shouldered, strong-chested, strong-necked, and strong-jawed, one hand upon his hip, while the other, by an occasional rapid motion, flung some communication the passing squadrons of cavalry. The visor of his cap was well pulled down over his eyes, yet not a man in the lines escaped his observation. His glance seemed to take in at once the whole spectacle, yet without losing any of its smallest details. 'He is a commander,' said my Austrian friend. Something in his figure, his attitude, and the square tenacious set of his jaws, reminded me strikingly of Field-Marshal Radetsky. I scanned the lines of his face in vain for some mark of weakness, indecision, or timidity. All was cool, firm, prompt, determined, and self-reliant."



GENERAL McCLELLAN.

**ARREST OF A SECESSION SPY.**

ONE of the ugliest features in modern warfare is the spy system. Every army employs its own spies, and every commander-in-chief sanctions their employment by seeking his information from their reports, and using it for the preparation of his plans; yet every army at the same time professes to condemn the operations of the agents, and every general issues his orders to hang them whenever they can be found. It is about the same kind of system as that said to be practised in China with regard to thieves. The Celestials do not gibbet their pickpockets because they steal, but because they are so stupid as to allow themselves to be caught; and a thief has a perfect right to call himself a gentleman as long as he escapes detection. Such laxity of morals may be passed over as compatible with the doctrines of Confucian philosophy; but that the same principle should be sanctioned in a Christian country, is really a matter of astonishment. War, it is true, is itself a most unholy thing, and can be justified only by extreme necessity; but this is a reason more why its limits should be strictly traced, and its demands be accurately defined. As yet no such attempt has been made in respect to the abominable spy system, and American democrats, as well as the European absolutists instruct secret emissaries, and hang them at the same time. There is, as might be expected under such unnatural and illogical circumstances, a kind of ferocity in the process. Anger takes the place of reason, and passion stands instead of judgment. There is no better argument in such a case but half a dozen harp bayonets. Our picture on page 21 tells the story in all its nakedness.



SCENE FROM THE NEW COMEDY AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—"PLAYING WITH FIRE."



EARL RUSSELL ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS

In the course of his speech at Newcastle, noticed in another part of our paper, Earl Russell made the following observations on the present state of America:—"I have always observed with the greatest interest the United States of America. It appeared to me that it would be a great misfortune to the world if that experiment in free government, though carried on under other forms than our own, though not having the same checks we have derived from our ancestors, but with all the checks and restraints which the wisdom of Washington could devise—it would be a great misfortune to the world if anything should happen to shake, still more to peril, the existence of the institutions of those States. I am sorry to say that such events have happened, and we now see the two parties contending together, not upon the question of slavery, though that I believe was probably the original cause of the quarrel—not contending with respect to Free-trade and Protection, but contending, as so many of States in the Old World have contended—the one side for empire, and the other for independence. Far be it from us to set ourselves up as judges in such a contest. But I cannot help asking myself frequently, as I trace the progress of the contest, to what good end can it tend? Supposing the contest to end in the re-union of the different States—supposing that the South should agree to enter again into the Federal Union, with all the rights guaranteed to her by the Constitution—should we not then have debated over again the fatal question of slavery, again provoking discord between North and South? The slavery question has no doubt caused the late disruption, for while one side contended that slavery was an institution of perpetual force, and not only of perpetual force where it already existed, but that it ought to be extended over other parts of the American continent—another section of the community admitting that slavery must be acknowledged and respected



where the Constitution said it should be respected, opposed its extension, declaring that it was a thing in itself detestable, and that the time must come when it must cease from the face of the earth. Well, gentlemen, if the quarrel were merely made up, should we not have this dispute again, and might we not see those who opposed Mr. Lincoln at the last election again successful? In such a case the quarrel would of course, recommence, and would, perhaps, kindle a prolonged civil war. But, on the other hand, supposing that the Federal Government completely conquer and subdue the Southern States; supposing that be the result of a long military conflict and some years of civil war, would not the national prosperity of that country, to a great degree, be destroyed? Not only so, but should we not see that respect for liberty which has honourably distinguished our North American brethren, deteriorated? Should we not see it yield to the necessity of force, to the necessity of keeping in subjection those who have been conquered, to the necessity, in short, of substituting despotic restraints and checks in place of perfect freedom of opinion? Just now the whole world is being greatly disturbed by assertions of nationalities on the one hand and by assertions of authority on the other; by conflicts and disturbances occurring almost daily in some parts of Europe, as well as in America. In these cases it is the duty of the Foreign Minister of this country, it is the duty of the head of the Government, to watch closely what is going on—to respect the independence of foreign nations, but not to abate any part of the caution and vigilance which become the Ministers of England at such a time; not to part with or impair any of the influence of this country, because that influence may be used in the cause of freedom and humanity, nor to lower in any respect the power of this country, because that power may be absolutely necessary, but to preserve the freedom of Europe, to defend the independence of nations, and to guard our own dignity and freedom."

"DEERFOOT," THE INDIAN RUNNER. (SEE PAGE 18.) (From a Photograph by G. BONNER, 86, FARRINGTON-STREET.)



ARREST OF A SECESSION SPY NEAR THE FEDERAL CAMP. (SEE PAGE 20.)



## Literature.

"Of the things which men can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books."  
—T. CARLYLE.

*Said and Done.* London: Smith and Elder.

No author's name is attached to this volume. We guess it to be the work of a lady, for it is almost one continued talk about small matters, exhibiting a most "learned spirit" of feminine "dealing." It is often very sprightly and even clever, though, upon the whole, by no means well adapted to gratify readers of a masculine taste, or such as love strong excitement. Those who think no novel interesting that is not full of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, and hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach—will wonder that our authoress should have thought this story worth the telling. And yet Miss Austen delighted Walter Scott with her description of ordinary events and characters in daily life. And Scott was a manly fellow, with a most healthy taste. He read Miss Austen's novel of "Pride and Prejudice" a third time with undiminished pleasure. Her pictures have no great force of colour, but the drawing is always exquisitely delicate, distinct, and true. In the novel before us, of an unknown author, the female characters, with one exception, want individuality, and remind us of Pope's ungallant couple—  
Nothing so true as what you once let fall,  
Most women have no characters at all.

The author's heroine, the one exception to this charge, was apparently in her first conception a noble being, but in the progress of the story she seems to deviate from her original design, and makes her fickle, foolish, and inconsistent. We suspect that the writer has not yet done justice to her own powers.

*Notice to Quit.* By W. G. WILLS, author of "Life's Fore-shadows." In three volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett.

This is what is called a religious novel, and readers whose opinions are somewhat less rigid than those of the author will, perhaps, be disposed to complain that he does not make religion itself attractive, as few religionists do, who think they understand God's judgment better than the mass of their fellow-creatures, or who suppose that men's fortunes in this world are always correspondent to their creed or no creed. But though the religious turn of this novel may not please all tastes, the book cannot fail to be read with interest, for there is much power and spirit in many of the narratives, dialogues, and descriptions. Here is a striking scene:—

NOTICE TO QUIT.

"Be so good," said the doctor, with sullen civility, "to open the buttons of your shirt."

Mr. Brown did so.

The interrogator took from his tail-pocket a stethoscope, and applied it to his chest.

"Tings sound," murmured he, reflectively.

He moved the instrument, and pushed it to two or three places about the region of the heart. At length he held it steadily.

"Heart's all sound?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"I am listening to your death-knell," said the doctor.

The tall figure bent away from the patient. The doctor looked up; Mr. Brown stood over against the screen, white and quivering; his knees relaxed as if about to faint.

"My God! you don't—you can't mean that!"

"Your heart stood embroiled, beat a little hot, instrument yet poised.

"St—perhaps—you spoke—not jesting—I was rude—were you—earnest—mean so—really?"

"Be tranquil, my good sir."

It was easy to say peace to that quivering breast; he had murdered peace. This grim, harsh man shows a fellow mortal, with dramatic abruptness, the grave at his feet, and then tells him to be tranquil. "Your life is a soap-bubble, sir—be tranquil."

Mr. Brown mumbled himself.

This announcement, Dr. Brown, was cruelly made; but I wish to know the worst. I am sorely enough repaid for it, but I had better hear all now. Is my heart seriously affected?"

"Sit down, Mr. Brown. I'll just ring for some wine and water. Here, take a few cups from this tumbler. I confess I was wrong to speak so strongly."

Mr. Brown caught at his arm.

"You—you—mean to say, that life is not yet in danger; that—that it is curable?"

"Sit down, sir, pray. I cannot say that life is not in danger; your disease is anæmia of the soma. I have known a case of cure by strict attention to diet, but in your case it would be criminal to—"

"Suppose it be incurable, how long may I live?"

"A year—possibly two."

Mr. Brown sat down and tried to think. It took some fortitude to recall his scared senses and focus them on the dread thought which, even dropping upon the mind in ghastly hints, unmans the stoutest. There have been merciful gradations, there have been glimpses of the hazy hand behind the veil; many a *memento mori*, which gently familiarises shrinking nature. But for him, in youth, in strength, in glory, the veil is rent, and the gaping spectre exposed within a touch.

## BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

A Manual of Chemistry, Descriptive and Theoretical. By William Odling, M.B., &c. Part I. (Longman and Co.)

Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated from the French by the translator of Napoleon's correspondence with King Joseph with large additions. In two volumes. (Macmillan and Co.)

The History of Scottish Poetry. By David Irving, LL.D. Edited by John Aiken Carlyle, M.D. With a Memoir and Glossary. (Edmonston and Douglas.)

Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B., 1793—1801: a Memoir by his Son, James Lord Dundermine. (Edmonston and Douglas.)

A Recent Flying Visit from London to the Vatican, through the North of Italy, over the Alps and the Apennines. With Sanitary Remarks. By Dr. T. C. Wood. (Hatchard and Co.)

The Orations of Demosthenes against Timocrates, Aristogiton, Aphobus, Onetor, Zenothemis, Apaturus, Phormio, Lacritus, Panteneus, Nausimachus, Brestus, Spudias, Phnippus, and for Phormio. Translated, with Notes, by Charles Rann Kennedy. (Henry G. Bohn.)

The Cloister and the Hearth: a Tale of the Middle Ages. By Charles Reade. In four volumes. (Tubner and Co.)

Fables Morales: Ouvrage Français et Anglais à l'Usage des Jeunes Etudiants. Publié à Sa Grâce Madame la Duchesse de Sutherland. Par Adrien Saintour. (Whittaker and Co.)

Constance Dale, a Story. In two volumes. By Charlotte Hardcastle. (T. Cuntley Newby.)

A Handy-Book on the Law of Bankruptcy; including the Practice under 7 and 8 Vict. c. 70 (The Gentleman's Aet.) by James Walter Smith, Esq., LL.D., &c. (Edinburgh Wilson.)

Gleanings from Westminster Abbey. By George Gilbert Scott, R.A., &c. With Appendices, supplying further Particulars, and Completing the History of the Abbey Buildings. Illustrated with numerous plates and woodcuts. (J.H. and James Parker.)

Said and Done! (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

A Critical Examination of Essays and Reviews. By an American Layman. Edited by the Dean of Carlisle. (Hatchard.)

The Book of Farm Buildings. By Henry Stevens.

The Channel Railway. By James Chalmers, (E. and F.N. Spon.)

The Anglo-Saxon Conquest of Britain. By Daniel H. Haigh. (John Russell Smith.)

Lectures on Modern History, delivered in 1859-61. By Goodwin Smith. (London: J. H. and James Parker.)

Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne sous le règne de Charles II., 1678-1683. Par le Marquis de Villars. (Mémoires of the Court of Spain in the Reign of Charles II.) (Grubner.)

The Human Foot and the Human Hand. By J. M. Humphrey, M.D. (Macmillan and Co.)

Memoirs of King Richard III. and some of his Contemporaries. By John H. Jesse. (Bentley.)  
Tom Brown at Oxford. By the Author of Tom Brown's School Days. (Macmillan and Co.)

## FORTHCOMING WORKS.

History of England from the Earliest Period to the Death of William the Conqueror. By J. A. St. John. (Smith and Elder.)

Hills and Plains. (Smith and Elder.)

Memoirs of Queen Hortense (mother of Napoleon the Third). (Longman and Co.)

Life of Sir M. J. Brunel. By R. Beamish. (Longman and Co.)

The Daughter of Dahur; a Poem. By Thomas Hood. (Smith and Elder.)

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his son. (Smith and Elder.)

The Story of Lord Bacon's Life. (John Murray.)

The City of the Saints (Mormonites). By Captain Barton.

Twenty-five Years of Musical Recollections. By H. F. Chorley.

The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B. By Major General Napier. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"The Victoria Regia," a gorgeous book, edited by Miss Proctor, with contributions from very many clever writers, will be published in December. The volume will be dedicated to the Queen by special permission, and the proceeds will be devoted to the Society for the Employment of Women. It will be printed entirely by female compositors, at the Victoria Press, which is so admirably superintended by Miss Fiddall. Many of the contributions have been already sent in, and rumour speaks of an exquisite lyric from Mr. Tennyson being among them.

Among the new books of the forthcoming season is announced: "A Handbook of Revealed Theology," with an introduction by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster-row. The same house announces a volume of missionary prize essays' on the 'best means of infusing a missionary spirit into the education of the young,' under the title, "The Golden Opportunity, and How to Improve it," with an introduction by the Rev. W. W. Champness, M.A.

Mr. Bentley announces "An Inquiry into the Real Effects of the Union on the Well-being of the People of the United States, and into the Cause of Disruption; with an Examination of Secession as a constitutional Right." By Mr. James Screech.

The Record Office has made an acquisition of the highest historical moment—nothing less than the Books of Orders and Decrees in Chancery, and the Books of Reports of the Masters in Chancery for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The series include the cases heard and decided by Lord Bacon, and these contemporary papers, many of them signed by his hand and enriched with his observations, we for the first time read the true history of Lady Wharton's case, of Lord Clifton's case, of John Wrayham's case—for the first time learn why Lady Wharton was, why Lord Clifton quarrelled with his son-in-law the Earl of March, and what injuries provoked the foolish threats which caused the madman Wrayham to be sentenced to lose his ears. The whole history of Bacon's reign as Lord Chancellor is written in these Books of Orders and Decrees.

The admirers of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will be glad to hear that she has left behind her a number of unpublished poems. They are being prepared for the press, and a volume of them will be, probably, published in time for the giving of Christmas presents.

Mr. Thornton Hunt is engaged, since his return from America, in editing "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," his father. This work will be one of the books of the season.

It is reported that the members of the Dramatic College are about to start a periodical of their own—a newspaper of general literature with full dramatic intelligence.

In a few days Messrs. Macmillan will publish Mr. Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown at Oxford," which has been reprinted from "Macmillan's Magazine."

Mr. John Hullah is preparing for publication "The History of Modern Music," being the course of lectures which he delivered at the Royal Institution.

Mr. Sala has collected some of his earliest and best contributions to the magazine in a volume, which will be published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, under the title of "Dutch Pictures."

The Bee-hive, a weekly twopenny newspaper, to be managed by Mr. George Potter, is to be commenced this day. It is owned "by the Trades Newspaper Company," limited, and, besides advocating and encouraging strikes, promises "to claim for the working classes a complete reform in Parliament; to advocate a reduction in the hours of labour; to promote the application of the co-operative system of industrial movements; to support all requisite measures of sanitary reform; and to notice all financial and monetary projects adapted to and for the condition of the industrial classes, including trades' unions, benefit societies, building and land societies, and insurance associations."

Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, Catherine Street, Strand, have just purchased from Mr. Sala the copyright of his story of the "Seven Sons of Mamma," now running its course in the "Temple Bar" Magazine. It will be published in a complete form on the 1st of December.

Dr. Forbes Watson has an important work nearly ready for publication by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, on the Cotton, Flax, and other Fibre-Yielding Plants of India.

## Notes

## ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

—O—

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—A Few Like It

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

## BOOTH'S SIR GILES OVERREACH.

Massinger's works were at one time rapidly falling into oblivion. Gifford's edition of his dramas gave him a place in our libraries by the side of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Rowe seems to have regarded Massinger's plays as obsolete, and was thereby encouraged to turn the materials of "The Fatal Dowry" into a new play, under the title of "The Fair Penitent," which he attempted to pass off on the public as a perfectly original production. Of Massinger's sixteen dramas, the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," if not the best, is decidedly the most popular, and must always keep possession of the stage.

The Mr. Booth who is now drawing full houses at the Haymarket is the son of the so-called Junius Brutus Booth, who in 1817 was pitted against the elder Kean, and four years afterwards left England to avoid the consequences of an assault upon the Blondin of the day, il Diavolo Antonio. He died at New Orleans in 1852. Mr. Coe tells us that when Edmund Kean put forth all his strength he "literally strangled his opponent, who went out like the snuff of a candle." But it is admitted that during the first two acts of the play of "Othello" Booth had the advantage. He had a large body of admirers even in England, when such men as Kean and Kemble were on the stage; and in America he is said to have accumulated both money and reputation. His son, we think, has hardly had justice done him by the critics, if we are to judge of his powers as an actor by his success in the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*, which is, however, so peculiar and exceptional that an actor who could make the most of this character might possibly fail in almost any other. The accomplished John Kemble attempted this part, and failed so ignominiously that he was loudly hissed, till in bitter humiliation he murmured, "It is time I should retire!" Many actors vastly inferior to Kemble in *Coriolanus* and *Cato* have been infinitely better representatives of the somewhat melodramatic hero of the "New Way to Pay Old Debts." In saying, therefore, that we can hardly conceive how the part could have been better played than it was on Monday evening last, at the Haymarket, we feel we are in no way committing ourselves as to the general capabilities or shortcomings of Mr. Booth as an actor. Though we may be "nothing if not critical," we are obliged, in candour, to confess that from the first scene to the last we saw nothing to object to in his performance. It was not only spirited, forcible, and most careful, but singularly

judicious and correct, and apparently the result, not only of conscientious study, but a natural aptitude to the particular task. If his representation of this "compound of the lion and the fox," should be succeeded by dramatic renderings of higher pretension and equal success, we shall have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Booth to be an actor of very decided genius. His powerful personation of the cunning, frenzied, savage, and half-insane *Sir Giles Overreach*, made us readily understand how it was that Edmund Kean, in this part, threw ladies into hysterics, and gave Lord Byron a convulsive fit. Mr. Booth's portrayal of the bewildered amazement and agony and despair of the overreached human Satan, in the last scene, when, with a burst of exultation and triumph, he brings forth the parchment deed, and on unrolling it finds every letter of the writing effaced by some unaccountable process of art or witchcraft was perfectly terrific, and at last turned our horror and hatred into a feeling almost allied to sympathy and pity. Indeed all the telling points were given with wonderful effect. His attempt, as a last resort, to wheedle the wretched *Marshall* into a promise to support him with his testimony, while he seemed to suffer torture from the extreme humiliation of being dependant on so contemptible a tool, and to be far more ready to strangle than to coax him—was assuredly an admirable piece of acting, and was very thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Equally excellent was his tempest of passion on discovering his daughter's marriage, and the utter annihilation of all his dearest hopes. The death-scene was beyond all praise. The brain was overwrought; all the powers of life, physical and moral, sank at once, and presented a total and fearful wreck. Mr. Booth's features are pliant and expressive, his action easy and varied, his elocution distinct and accurate.

One of his most marked excellencies is perfect earnestness and apparently a complete identification of himself with his part. He is quite a young man, and at some future day may more than realize the most sanguine expectations of his admirers.

We think it right in closing this notice to express our favourable opinion of the style in which Massinger's noble play of the "New Way to Pay Old Debts" has been brought out at this theatre. It does great credit to the manager, whose humorous performance in the afterpiece needs no commendation; and no criticism, however hostile could ever check or qualify the merit elicited by his delightful drolleries when he has a part adapted to his powers as a comic actor.

Mr. Compton's *Marshall* exhibited considerable humour, and the *Lady Alworth* of Mrs. Wilkins was spirited and pleasant. Mr. Farren's *Wellborn* was a highly creditable performance. All the other actors did their duty well.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

This theatre opened on Monday evening last, under the management of that accomplished and gentlemanly actor Mr. Alfred Wiggin. He has got a strong company. Amongst other favourite performers are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mr. George Vining, Mr. Joseph Robins, and Miss Grimbridge. The house was well attended.

## STRAND THEATRE.

A new comic drama from the pen of Mr. Stirling Coyne, was produced at this theatre on Monday last, entitled "The full Particulars of an affair at Finchley." The chief female character is a lady who has a fancy to assist and reform young vagrants and ruffians. This little comic drama went off very pleasantly.

## BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

The views of the Bay of Naples, Messina, and the Righi in Switzerland, are really worth a visit. The Bay of Naples especially is a reality. The spectator could hardly have a better notion of the scene if he were to travel to Naples for the purpose, the illusion is perfect.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Miss L. Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison announce the commencement of their sixth season of English Opera at Covent Garden, on Monday, the 21st inst., when will be presented the new op. r. of "Ray Bess," by Mr. Howard Glover, which was to have been performed last season, but was postponed, owing to the great success of *Le Domino Noir*. The company bids fair to be strong, both in number and quality; Miss Louisa Pyne, of course, as prima donna, heads the list.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—We are glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, assisted by Mr. John Parry, will re-open the Royal Gallery of Illustration for another season, on Wednesday next, the 10th inst. "Our Card Basket" and "The Two Royal Composers," which have met with such great and deserved success, are retained in the programme. A fresh interest will, however, attach to their performance, as several novelties, both illustrative of character, and musical, will be introduced.

In future the compulsory closing of the theatres in Lent is to be limited to Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. The announcement of this change was officially made at the special annual court held at St. James's Palace by the Lord Chamberlain, for the purpose of granting the yearly licences to the theatres.

Madame Grisi will give a grand farewell concert in Cheltenham on Tuesday evening, October the 29th, previous to her final retirement from public life.

Jenny Lind's concert at Exeter Hall takes place on the 21st inst. Mr. J. L. Toole commenced an engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, on Monday evening last. He appeared as Mr. Upton Stout, in "The Pretty Horsebreaker," and was enthusiastically applauded.

Verdi has just put the concluding finish to a new opera, of which the highest expectations are entertained, the title is the "Force of Destiny."

Mademoiselle Rachel is going on an American tour. She will leave Paris in August. The sum she is to receive is £30,000 francs, for an engagement of 200 nights, being 5,000 francs for each performance.

Rossini has recently consented to give the public his latest production, called "Titon." It is a magnificent vocal *marocete*, which has been known some time in select private musical circles, having been written by the great *maestro* for a particular friend, for whose grand bass voice it is especially adapted, and whose execution of it is well worthy the noble composition.

BLONDIN AND LEOTARD AT THE POLYTECHNIC.—The scientific principles upon which Blondin and Leotard perform their wonderful feats of balancing receive from Mr. Pepper, the popular lecturer of the Polytechnic, an exposition which creates surprise on the part of its numerous and gratified auditory that what they have looked upon with wonder should be so simple. The art of balancing is shown by a variety of models and experimental and pictorial illustrations to consist in the preservation of the centre of gravity, which is found, for the purpose of demonstration, by applying the plummet, and drawing a straight line from the apex to the base of the object whose centre of gravity it is desired to determine. So long as the line of direction falls within the base there is no chance of a tumble, as was shown by reference to the famous leaning tower at Pisa, and by experiments with the wooden swords used by conjurers. Blondin on his rope at the Crystal Palace was then introduced, through the medium of photography and the microscope, and the use of his long balancing pole explained to the audience. A practical exemplification of the art is given, on a rope stretched across the platform, by John Snell, waterman and boat-builder, of Hampton, who lately performed the difficult feat of walking across the Thames on a common towing-rope. Such walks backward as well as forward, and carries a boy on his back. The *trapeze* feats, which have made Leotard so potent an attraction at Cremorne and the Alhambra, are also explained, and their principle shown to be identical with that of the pendulum.

The members and friends of the Witney Athenæum had a course of lectures for the ensuing season inaugurated on Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., at the Town Hall, by a dramatic reading, or rather representation, of the finest scenes in "Macbeth," by Arthur Young, Esq., of London, the well-known Shakespearean reader. This gentleman has a fine head, a remarkably vivid and speaking eye, and a face capable of surprising variations in its expression. His reading, or rather personation of *Macbeth*, was most acute and intensely distinguished by its intelligence, discrimination, vividness, and power.



# PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF TOM TIBBINS, ESQ., OF PROSPECT VILLA, CLAPHAM.

MONDAY, October 7, 1861.—To the club at 11 a.m. Still dreary emptiness; the waiter looking with evident compassion on my single appearance. The papers as empty as the room. No news, except that the Prussian King has arrived at Compiègne, to pay his court to the third Napoleon. To what strange shifts "legitimacy" is reduced in this our revolutionary age.

Jones drops in towards dinner time, and, having stayed a couple of hours, induces me to accompany him to the Grand Cigar Divan, in the Strand, to witness an extraordinary chess match, between a blindfolded German player and ten open-eyed English opponents. A strange sight. In the corner of a large room, odoriferous of Cavendish and Havannah, and crowded with a very cosmopolitan company, sits a pale young man, with a thick, short neck, and what appears to me a head of enormous size. It is Herr Paulson, the wonderful Teutonic chessman. He has his back turned to ten different tables with chessboards, at which sit as many players—among the best in England, I am told. The blindfolded man plays with all at the same time, having nothing but his memory whereon to register the moves. To me it is perfectly incomprehensible how this is accomplished. Considering that the succession of moves on one single chessboard, if held by good players, is a most intricate affair, requiring a strenuous exertion of the mind, and eyes wide awake, it is perfectly amazing to think how the memory of man can be stretched so as to take in the enormous number of ten games of chess, and embrace the whole, while keeping each set distinct. The very idea is bewildering. The mental effort, it was evident, was tremendous. The high brow of the blindfold player was covered with thick perspiration, and the muscles of his face were trembling to an extent almost painful to behold. I was told he had not taken the least refreshment for the last twelve hours, and was prepared to sit another twelve, or twenty, without food or drink. I trembled, and begged friend Jones to adjourn to a good English supper at the Albion.

TUESDAY, October 8.—A fresh epistle from Mrs. Tibbins. Is surprised at my not going down to Margate last Saturday; still more surprised at my not having read the postscript of her former letter. I did read it, alas! Would to heaven, ladies' postscripts were forbidden by Act of Parliament.

All papers of to-day filled with discussions on the "educational minute." The tail of the last comet will, likely enough, be the theme to-morrow. I think I shall have to run down to Margate, after all.

WEDNESDAY, October 9.—Was present at a very curious discussion between Hunter, of Lincoln's Inn, and a strange gentleman, just returned from Paris. The latter asserts that extraordinary things are preparing on the Continent. Nothing less than a re-distribution of thrones and territories. The King of Prussia is to be Emperor of Germany; Charles the Fifteenth of Sweden, to be Sovereign of Scandinavia; and Archduke Ferdinand of Austria to be King of Venice and Dalmatia. The scheme is not Louis Napoleon's, but that of a most noble and most mysterious lady—a lady who (says informant) has been leading the French Emperor ever since the Italian war, whose commands are obeyed by the Czar of all the Russias, and who, of late, has likewise captivated sober William I. of Prussia. A mysterious lady, indeed! However, the gentleman gave some striking facts in proof of his assertion, and, I must say, elucidated events, which never yet have been explained. Admitting the *de facto* existence of this lady, and the sphere of her activity, the Italian metamorphosis, the Villafranca peace, the Sicilian insurrection, the rising in Hungary, and the Russian emancipation of serfs, are all at once connected and traced to their source. *Si non e vero, e ben trovato.*

FRIDAY, October 11.—To the club at noon. Saw a most elegant chariot standing at the corner of Pall Mall, surrounded by a vast number of people. Joining the crowd, I was rewarded, after a few minutes, to see the owner step into his vehicle. It was a short thick-set man, of rather vulgar aspect, but dressed in the *chore de la creme* of fashion. I took him, at a glance, to be a foreign ambassador; but, to make sure, inquired of my neighbour. "Sir," he said, evidently astonished at my ignorance, "this is the celebrated Mr. T. Sayers, who fought Heenan, and is holding the championship of England." All my established ideas of prize fighters and prize fighting were overthrown in an instant.

SUNDAY, October 13.—Went to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear the renowned Mr. Spurgeon. When I arrived, about half past ten, there was already an immense crowd assembled under the high corinthian portico which forms the entrance of the Temple. The crowd appeared divided into two distinct classes—saints and sinners—the saints to the right, the sinners to the left. The saints were all provided with tickets, which seemed to open secret gates into the tabernacle; I, being a ticketless sinner, had to wait at the outer portal, among a very miscellaneous crowd. Some of my neighbours were expounding the Bible in a very loud voice, and two Welchmen in particular, after having quoted Scripture to each other for nearly half an hour, with ever increasing vehemence, finally became so excited as to utter threats in very unscriptural language. At last the door of the temple opened, and I was borne along with the crowd far into the edifice. Regaining the use of my feet, I perceived that I was standing on the floor of an immense building, of oblong form, with two deep galleries all around. Both floor and galleries were crowded with human beings; the latter up to the very ceiling. I thought there were scarcely less than six or seven thousand persons present. All were sitting on comfortable stuffed seats, except we poor unticketed sinners—who had to do penance by remaining on our legs. I would have gladly retreated, but could not; retreat and advance being alike impossible in the crowd in which I was wedged. Luckily, I stood near the tribune, in which I was told the preacher was to appear. It was a kind of promontory, jutting out from the first gallery, in the lower part of which some twenty imposing deacons and deaconesses were sitting, while the upper part was filled with six notabilities, which I fancied to be archdeacons. Presently, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon made his appearance in front of these archdeacons. The first sight of the reverend preacher's figure made me think of the champion of England, whom I met two days ago. A short stout body, broad shoulders, a muscular pair of arms, and an excessively narrow forehead. The lower part of the face strongly developed; the upper unexpressive, in spite of carefully arranged hair, parted in the centre. Having exchanged

a few words with the gentlemen in the rear, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon began intoning a prayer, when instantly the whole congregation was hushed into deep silence. The voice of the preacher sounded full and clear through the vast edifice: certainly one of the sweetest and most distinct voices I ever heard. The prayer was followed by a short sermon, on the text "Take care of the devil." The devil, the preacher said, should not be allowed to enter any home, under whatever pretence it might be; if nevertheless by any chance he should make his appearance, he ought to be driven out with the poker. The sermon evidently made a great impression on the congregation, who then began singing a hymn, each verse being given out in a very peculiar manner, half singing and half declaiming, by the preacher. Then followed another prayer, and next another sermon. This time the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon dwelt on the connection between the dead and the living—the here and the hereafter. Part of this sermon was very amusing; but another part very melancholy. The Normans who came over with William the Conqueror, the reverend preacher said, were "a sad set of rascals," who "stole their neighbour's goods," and those who at present prided themselves on descending from the conquerors were not much better. The large family of the Smiths and Joneses, he said, were much superior, only they ought not to be all John Smith, but some of them Thomas, others William, others Henry Smith. The preacher then dwelt on the death of a man belonging to his congregation, which, he said, occurred two days before. Stretching his arms high up into the air, and bending his body far over the pulpit, he entreated the spirit of the departed to come down from heaven and shake hands with him, and give him the kiss of brotherly love. During this exhibition, which to me was painful in the extreme, a visible shudder seemed to run through the congregation, most members being seized with a sort of speechless frenzy. The preacher, too, now began to be violently excited, his voice becoming louder and louder, while he was running up and down the tribune and slapping his hands on the railing like a man possessed. Then, on a sudden, and quite unexpectedly, his voice fell to a whisper, and a short blessing, rapidly uttered, ended the extraordinary sermon. For a minute or two longer most of the congregation sat and stood as if entranced; then a backward movement began in my line. Borne again along with the crowd, I soon found myself outside under the high columns, where I met friend Davies, who, unknown to me, had been in the tabernacle. He was quite excited with what he had heard and seen. "Such a preacher," he exclaimed, "and such a command of language, and such a self-assurance. I'm sure there's no humbug about Mr. Spurgeon!" None whatever, I acquiesced.

## FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.

### TEN BALLET GIRLS BURNED TO DEATH.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGES 24 AND 25.)

An accident of an appalling nature, with a large pictorial illustration of which we present the readers of the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS," occurred at the Continental Theatre, in Walcott-street, Philadelphia, on Saturday the 28th ult. It appears that Shakespeare's drama, "The Tempest," was produced on the evening in question, with vast scenic decorations and a rather numerous ballet corps. The piece had proceeded for some time, when all at once those accustomed to witnessing show pieces saw an unnecessary light glaring over the top of the rear scene. Before they had time to speculate upon it, a number of men in shirt sleeves (stage carpenters) made their appearance, and, while the confusion grew momentarily, a sharp scream rang upon the ears of the people, and a woman in ballet costume, with her dress on fire, emerged from the side scene, waving her arms above her head. In a moment she fell into the abyss where the ship was riding. At the same time a succession of screams ensued. Trinculo suddenly ceased to joke, and dropped into the water, while Stephano forgot to be drunk, and became as sober as a judge. It appears that the ballet girls were dressing for the ballet. In the dressing-room, the Misses Gale were adjusting themselves for the ballet for Act II. Miss Zelia Gale, one of the sisters, stood upon a settee to reach her dress, and when in the act of handing it down, the flames of the gas from an adjacent tube set it on fire. The flames communicated to her underclothes and she was all a-blaze in an instant. Her sisters rushed up to extinguish the fire, and they, too, were ignited. The fire mounted to their arms and breasts, inflicting terrible burns. Panic-stricken, they ran from the room through a narrow passage-way into the next dressing-room, filled with ballet ladies. The gauze dresses of these blazed up directly, and screaming, struggling, wrestling, the poor creatures either turned and leaped from the windows into the street, or ran hither and thither calling for assistance. Miss Zelia Gale, with her clothing on fire, and uttering loud screams, ran downstairs and upon the stage behind the scenes, falling below the stage level, where she was caught in the arms of the carpenter of the theatre. Another girl was caught in the arms of the bye-standers, having leaped down when enveloped, in flames. In all, ten girls lost their life by this fatal casualty. Most regretted among these poor victims are the Misses Gale who were young ladies of prepossessing appearance, and very excellent dancers. They were English by birth, and they first appeared professionally in Philadelphia, owing, it is said to the unexpected reverses of their parents. An immense concourse of people accompanied the remains of the poor young ballet girls to the grave.

ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.—Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to take some venison. "No," said the baron, "I never eat venison:—I don't think it is so cool as mutton."—"Oh," says the baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton is better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?"—"I will tell you why—in this world the people always prefer vat is deer to vat is sheep."

MISS CALCULATION.—A young lady of eighteen, Miss D., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh, dear mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age!" "That's very true; but he's only thirty-six." "He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma; but when I'm sixty—" "Well!" "Oh, dear! why, then he'll be a hundred and twenty."

## SUICIDE OF VISCOUNT FORTH.

A ROMANCE OF HIGH LIFE.

A remarkable case of suicide has just occurred at Gloucester. Some time since a gentleman and lady became occupants of the Spa Hotel, Gloucester, giving the name of Captain and Mrs. Drummond. This hotel is situated in a very quiet locality, and the couple, who frequently drove out in the afternoon, preserved a strict incognito. It was, however, soon reported that the gentleman was a noble viscount, who had recently figured before Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and the lady a Mrs. Lloyd; that both had been divorced from their respective partners, and had taken up their quarters at this hotel. It appears that the lady was confined about three weeks ago; severe illness followed, and she died on Tuesday morning. So affected was Lord Forth at this bereavement that he took a quantity of laudanum, which he found in the lady's apartment, from the effects of which he died on Tuesday night. An inquest was held on his body, when the jury returned a verdict of "temporary insanity."

The noble Viscount who thus untimely perished by his owl hand, was born in 1834, the eldest and only son of the Earl of Perth. In 1853 he was appointed to an ensigncy in the 42nd Regiment, which, however, he left in the following year. Report asserts that he went to the Crimea, and, not relishing "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," or rather the peril, he speedily abandoned the military life for other pursuits. In 1855 he married the eldest daughter of the Hon. Adolphus Capel, niece of the Earl of Essex. The sad eventful history of their marriage life was told, the Viscountess herself being the narrator, to Sir Cresswell Cresswell, early in the present year. Lady Forth petitioned for a dissolution of marriage, on account of Lord Forth's adultery, and for a judicial separation on account of his cruelty; but the application was resisted by the Queen's Proctor, on the ground of collusion and the adultery of the lady herself. It appeared from Lady Forth's evidence, and that of her mother, that during three years they lived together, their daily life, from the day after their marriage, was one of drunkenness and brutality on the part of the husband towards his wife, her sister, brothers, and even his own child, an infant. During the whole of that time he seems to have contributed not a farthing towards his own maintenance, but was supported by his wife's father and mother; and at last he became so outrageous that they parted company in 1858, and Lady Forth never saw him afterwards. Some time after his departure Lady Forth formed an acquaintance with a Mr. Dering, and visited the United States with him; and on the ground of this intimacy her divorce was upset. So far the history of Viscount Forth, whose mortal remains, according to an order of the Earl of Perth, are to be "decently interred" at Gloucester.

If the career of Lord Forth has been an extraordinary one that of his beloved mistress, for whose sake he killed himself is scarcely less so. Mrs. Lloyd, the lady who has been living with Lord Forth as his wife, and who died with him, was the only daughter and heiress of a gentleman of property, and a magistrate for the county of Hereford, residing near Leominster. When about twenty she fell to the seductive will of a scion of a noble house, and had two children, who are now living with her father. Subsequently she appeared to become penitent, and after a time she was married to a man named Lloyd, by whom it is said she had two more children, who are now also living with her father. Lloyd was in debt, and having married a lady of property, was sued by his creditors, and found his way to the Queen's Bench, where Lord Forth had also found a local habitation and a name. Mrs. Lloyd visited her husband in the Bench, an intimacy sprung up between her and Lord Forth, and on his liberation they joined company, and have lived together ever since.

The remains of Mrs. Lloyd were taken this week to the family vault for interment. At the inquest the surgeon said her death was attributable to natural causes, apart from her recent confinement. She was at the time of her death only twenty-eight years of age.

## EXECUTION AT NEWGATE.

The execution of William Cogan, for the murder of his wife, took place on Monday morning at Newgate. The circumstances under which the crime was committed will be fresh in the recollection of the public. The prisoner and his wife were in the habit of getting drunk, and while in that state quarrels took place between them. They had been to a funeral on the day the occurrence took place, and they both drank freely, and when they got home they quarrelled. About two o'clock in the morning he rushed into the street with his throat cut. The prisoner endeavoured to make it appear that his wife had first cut his throat and then destroyed herself. Ever since his condemnation the culprit has continued to assert his innocence, and on Friday last, when he parted for the last time with his father and his sisters, he again positively declared he was innocent. The condemned man slept soundly his last night. On the fatal morning, the executioner, Calcraft, was admitted into the cell a few minutes before eight o'clock, and the culprit the moment he entered appeared to recognise him, and rose from his seat, and submitted to the operation of being pinioned with the utmost composure; and just as the clock of St. Sepulchre's church chimed the hour the mournful procession moved towards the scaffold. The culprit was then placed under the fatal beam and the rope was adjusted, and after the executioner had retired he prayed most earnestly with the Ordinary for a short time, and almost the last words he uttered were a prayer to God to forgive him. The drop fell almost at the same moment, and the wretched man, after one or two convulsive struggles, ceased to exist. After hanging an hour, according to the terms of the sentence, the body was cut down and placed in a shell and removed to the interior of the prison.

The crowd that was assembled to witness the execution, was very great. During the whole of Sunday afternoon the Old Bailey was thronged, and crowds of persons had assembled so late as twelve o'clock at night, some of whom remained until the period of the execution. The officials of the prison stated that it was one of the noisiest and most disorderly crowds they ever remember to have seen upon a similar occasion. The moment the wretched man made his appearance on the scaffold there was a general cry of "hats off," and the upturned faces of the thousands of spectators presented a most extraordinary spectacle. The culprit was twenty-six years old, and he was apparently a strong muscular man.





FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE—TEN BALLET GIRLS BURN'T TO DEATH. (SEE PAGE 23.)





FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE—TEN BALLET GIRLS BURNT TO DEATH. (SEE PAGE 23.)



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank W. H. for his suggestions, but if he knew how much the position of an editor resembles that of the painter—who tried to satisfy everybody, and on begging that every one would point out any imperfection in the picture, found his whole piece condemned, though every one liked some part of it—we are sure he would not be angry with us if we should fail to comply with all his wishes, having so many other tastes to consult.

J. J.—Not at present, thank you.

A. PARENT.—If your son, being 21 years of age, should refuse to serve the unexpired term of his apprenticeship, you would be liable to an action at the suit of his master, upon your covenant in the indenture.

We are obliged, with some reluctance, to decline the offer of "Y. Z."

N. F.—It was no puff, but an actual and most unprecedented triumph. The success was beyond our most sanguine expectations. We wish N. F. had visited our office on Friday and Saturday last. Let him inquire of the newsmen. The struggle for more copies than could be supplied was as eager as if it had been for money flung into the streets.

X. (Hickney).—A lodger's goods, clandestinely removed, cannot be followed and seized for rent owing by his landlord.

ELVIDA.—A wife who has been cited in the Divorce Court, whether, in fact, innocent or guilty of the crime attributed to her, may carry on her defence at the cost of her husband.

## NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the Illustrated Weekly News," 13, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

On Monday last Earl Russell was enthusiastically welcomed and entertained at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was presented with an address congratulating him on his accession to the peerage, and thanking him for past services in the cause of civil and religious liberty. We wonder if any company of Tories or Conservatives could muster courage to get up a similar demonstration towards some distinguished opponent of the same cause, to thank him for his endeavours, however vain, to stop the great tide of progress. Towards the close of a long political career, Earl Russell may well look back with self-congratulation at his consistent advocacy and profession of Liberal principles, which, being founded on eternal truth, have triumphed in an exact ratio with the advance of knowledge. The relief of the Protestant Dissenters, the Emancipation of the Catholics and the Jews, the recognition of the policy of Free Trade and the right of free thought in matters connected with religious faith, were questions long and obstinately opposed by many successive Governments, and we owe it to such men as Earl Russell and the Liberal party that, in this nineteenth century of time, no person of ordinary sagacity and generosity of feeling would venture to express a wish that these noble measures should be rescinded, and our steps in the direction of popular rights and privileges be retraced. We have had no reason to regret the passing of a single measure that has given additional stability and effect to the cause of civil and religious freedom. If we compare the times of Eldon and Castlereagh with those of Russell and Palmerston, we find that the great Manchester massacre and the severest penal laws had no tendency whatever to preserve public order and produce general contentment under a Tory government. It had a direct contrary effect to the one intended. Whereas, in the reign of Queen Victoria, every additional privilege granted to the people, every encouragement given to the friends of progress, has increased the happiness and power of the nation, strengthened our best institutions, taught the masses their own true interests and made them more ready to obey the laws of their country and show themselves worthy to be freemen. The orderly conduct of the vast multitudes that met together at the first Great Exhibition afforded a delightful illustration of the improved character of the people of England under an improved system of Government, and the vast crowds that are expected to assemble at the Exhibition of 1862 will let our foreign visitors perceive that the more liberty we give the people, the less is the necessity for cavalry sabres and police batons.

We should like to have an honest confession of the feelings with which the few genuine old Tories now alive, look back upon the earlier portion of their career, surviving as they have long done, the reign of false and narrow views in politics and religion. They little thought in their horror of changes and reforms into what universal contempt all their most cherished opinions would be thrown by the advance of knowledge. A Tory in these times is a living memorial of dead error.

The present system of State Education has now been on trial for fifteen years. It commenced with an annual Parliamentary grant in aid, of £30,000. The Council of Education have now at their disposal annually the sum of £800,000. The Royal Commissioners in an unfavourable report of the results of the present system of State Education have suggested certain reforms and savings;—they recommend that all appropriated grants, including an augmentation of the salaries of pupil teachers, should be abolished, and that all payments to Government schools should be reduced to a single capitation grant for every boy who attends a certain number of times during the year. All certificated teachers have hitherto received from the State a fixed augmentation of their salary as received from the managers of schools. They are to be suddenly and most unexpectedly deprived of this aid, which they regarded as their right, and calculated upon its continuance, as all other Officers of the State calculate upon the fixed amount of their quarterly or annual pay as it falls due. They complain

that this is a breach of public faith; and so it is. These certificated teachers carefully prepared themselves for public educational employ, encouraged to do so by the promised advantages of the service. It is a most cruel proceeding on the part of the Education Commissioners to recommend the sudden withdrawal of State allowance from these hard-worked government servants after they have enjoyed them for years in supposed security; and no Minister would dare to propose a similar injustice in any other than the Educational department. But School-masters have no recognised position. Anything is thought good enough for them. The school-room is the best refuge for the destitute adult. A poor gentleman—let his birth, education, and manners be what they may—must be content to lose caste if compelled to teach the young ideas how to shoot. But a Government ought most scrupulously to avoid the charge of rejecting the just claims, or disappointing the fair expectations, of even its humblest and poorest servants; and when great changes are rendered necessary or advisable, the claims of present incumbents ought not to be adjusted with a niggardly hand, or according to the strict letter of the law, but with a magnanimous liberality exceeding what is ordinarily the usage of private establishments. An attempt was made to smuggle the new Educational Scheme through Parliament at the close of last Session; but the remonstrances of various educational bodies have induced the President of the Council to postpone its operation to the 31st of March next, so that its various provisions will now have a chance of being fully and fairly discussed: and, perhaps, after all, the poor certificated teachers will have justice done them. We express no opinion at present on the general character of the proposed alterations in the system of State Education. We reserve that subject for future consideration.

## SCENE FROM THE NEW COMEDY AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE "PLAYING WITH FIRE."

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 20.)

The winter season at the elegant little theatre in Oxford-street has been opened this year with a new comedy by Mr. John Brougham, which promises to be exceedingly popular. The piece is entitled "Playing with Fire" and very simple in its plot. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Waverley (Mr. George Jordan and Miss Rose Leclercq), a very absurd couple, who have been married for several years, and love each other devotedly, suddenly begin to feel miserable precisely because they have no reason for discontent. Happily they have a pair of friends endowed with that sort of worldly wisdom which in French comedy usually falls to the share of young widows. These are Dr. Savage (Mr. John Brougham) and his wife (Miss Carlotta Leclercq), an easy, contented couple, whose love for each other does not interfere with the gentleman's attention to his medical duties, and whose transient quarrels do not pass the boundary of a slight pout on the part of the wife, which is treated with perfect indifference by the husband. The doctor, who is anxiously consulted by his friend Waverley on the subject of Mrs. Waverley's health, and can discern no physical cause for her perplexing lowness of spirits, hits on the true state of the case. A little thunderstorm would, he thinks, clear the domestic atmosphere, which is now overcharged with oppressive felicity, and Mrs. Savage, who is privately consulted by Mrs. Waverley, arrives at precisely the same conclusion. The result of the consultation between the two ladies, and the two gentlemen, is a determination on the part of the doctor to flirt with his friend's wife, and a corresponding resolution on the part of Mrs. Waverley to flirt with the doctor. These plans prove but too harmonious. The doctor, who, with the consent of his friend, commences the flirtation with Mrs. Waverley, is amazed to hear from the lips of that lady an avowal of passionate love, to which Mrs. Savage, in concealment, listens with a feeling of intense delight, that is soon changed into rage and horror when she perceives how readily the doctor responds to the tender appeal. In spite of his good intentions, poor Savage now finds himself in a very awkward dilemma; for the information of Mrs. Savage convinces Waverley that his friend is false, and he soon has reason to believe that his wife is very little better. Pinchbeck (Mr. H. Widdicombe) a scampish assistant to Savage, uses his master's consulting-room as a matrimonial agency office, while his master visits the patients, and he has an accomplice in Mrs. Perkins (Miss Ellen Honey), Mrs. Waverley's maid who attends in her mistress's clothes. Waverley happening to see Perkins hurry from the room, takes her for his wife, who, he is now convinced, pays clandestine visits to Savage. The whole affair seems likely to terminate in a duel; but the difficulty that has been caused by a mistake may be easily removed by an explanation. Dr. Savage's innocence is perfectly established, and he is, moreover, able to congratulate himself on his efficient cure of the malady endured by the Waverleys. Such is the outline of the plot, the acting of which is admirable. Our engraving represents a very interesting scene towards the end of the piece, when the jealousy of the two married couples has reached its climax. Dr. Savage is sitting between his "better half" and Mrs. Waverley, at the moment the husband of the latter is entering.

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.—The Bureau of Statistics has just published returns relative to the population in France. It appears from these documents that though from 1851 to 1855 there was a decline in the population, the years 1856, 1857, and 1858 presented an increase. Whilst, however, in the first half of the present century the augmentation was at the rate of 150,000 souls per annum, it was only in these three years 97,400. It further appears from the returns that whilst the average life of the French from 1817 to 1824 was 31.8 years, and rose in 1855 to 40, it fell in 1856, 7, and 8, to an average of 37.5 years. This was chiefly owing to greater mortality among children, especially those of illegitimate births. As to the number of illegitimate children born in France, it appears that whilst from 1817 to 1853 the proportion was 1 illegitimate child for every 12.95 legitimate, the proportion in 1856 was 1 to 12.27, and in 1857 and 1858, 1 to 12.12. This increase in illegitimate births has, strange to say, taken place not in towns but in agricultural districts.

## SPORTING NEWS.

NEWMARKET RACES, Monday.—The renowned Newmarket meeting has been the chief event of the week in sporting matters. The meeting commenced with brilliant weather, better company than has been seen at Newmarket for some years, and a very large number of horses in the town; but the special trains on Sunday and Monday were not remarkable for the number of their passengers. The late rains had, however, rendered the running ground, of which complaints were heard at the last meeting, perfect, and even animals with suspicious legs had a chance of winning without being immediately afterwards laid up in ordinary. The card of Monday contained ten items, eight of which produced races, but none of the contests were remarkably close or exciting. The handicap on the Cesarewitch Course created much interest, from the affinity it bears to the great race to be run over the same ground on Tuesday. Chère Amie became favourite for it, and won without difficulty, and the result immediately caused the advance of her stable companion Calpe, who had not been in very high odour for the last twenty-four hours. Schism receded slightly in the morning at the rooms, and on the heath, La Vapour displaced her, remaining first favourite until our dispatch left. The last actual race of the day ended in the defeat of Rouge Dragon, a *quandam* Derby favourite, by a horse of very moderate pretensions; and, the last two on the list hot coming off, the sport was brought to an end at an early hour.

NEWMARKET RACES, TUESDAY.—Under a sun burning with a July heat, and before a large assemblage of spectators, the Cesarewitch day was celebrated with a success which had scarcely been anticipated. Indeed, a more numerous attendance of miscellaneous company was never assembled on the Heath, and the spectators disported themselves in a manner which was quite at variance with the notions which a long experience had induced us to associate with a Second October Meeting at Newmarket. Nipping winds and drenching rain are always expected at this period of the year at the metropolis of the turf, and waterproof clothing was the gear in which the visitors attired themselves. Now, however, they came out in a variety of light summer costumes, which revived the memory of Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. The effect of the unseasonable heat was at times painfully apparent. Two or three people were seized with fits, and several of the running horses presented an appearance both before and after their respective races as if they had just emerged from a Turkish bath without having undergone the process of "dressing." The long, straggling High-street presented the appearance of a fair, for it was lined by the stalls and booths of the market-folk, whilst the bawling sellers of "correck cards," and the hawkers of all sorts of goods, from pencils to newspapers and betting-books, pursued their calling with a vigour which kept up a very lively din.

Precisely at the time set down, the riders were weighed, and the numbers of the 23 starters were exhibited on the telegraph. Shortly after a general move took place among the spectators to obtain a suitable situation whence they could witness the contest, the excitement being increased by the jockeys, with their saddles round their waists, galloping towards the ditch to complete their final equipment. With little loss of time Mr. McGeorge got the horses together, and despatched them from the post to an excellent start. Gridiron, immediately they had settled in their places, rushed to the front, and came on with a clear lead, waited upon by the Makeless filly, Paste, Russey, and Tatler, the next division comprising Asteroid, Audrey, Schism, and Ivanhoff, with La Vapour and Petra on the far side, the others following at wide intervals. In this way they came streaming through the "ditch gap," and on entering the flat the leading horses extended themselves considerably. Gridiron, in the centre of the course, was still in possession of the lead, closely attended by Audrey, Paste, Asteroid, Schism, Ivanhoff, Bally Edmond, and Tatler, the pace at this period evidently having an effect upon the rear division, which at this early period of the race began to exhibit a lengthened appearance. Among the most rearward were Desmond, Kappuree, the Phyalis colt, Squire Percy, and Light. On reaching the T.Y.O. winning-post the leading horses closed up, and ran in company to the "Bashes-Hill," where Audrey got to Gridiron's quarters, Paste and Asteroid at the same time drawing forward, having Ivanhoff, Schism, Tatler, and Bally Edmond in close attendance. In this way they ran to halfway down the hill, where Gridiron was beaten, and was shortly after passed by Audrey, who went on with a slight lead, having Paste, Asteroid, and the others close up. On fairly entering the dip the three placed joined issue, and came in nearly abreast to halfway up the hill, where Custance steadied Audrey for his final effort, and landed Mr. Fleming's colours, in which Audrey was ridden, a clever winner by a length, Paste defeating Asteroid by a neck for second. Ivanhoff was fourth, Schism fifth, Gridiron sixth, Tatler seventh, Bally Edmond and the Giraffe filly heading the next division.

The results of the Cesarewitch created as much surprise as the success of Caller On for the St. Leger. Claire, it has been expected, would be the trusted and the best of Mr. Beville's lot, and scarcely any one dreamt of the success of Audrey, against whom 100 to 1 was laid at starting.

BOAT RACE ON THE THAMES.—A scullers' match, between two watermen, came off on Tuesday, the course being from Barnes railway-bridge to the Church Ferry, at Isleworth. The stake was £15 aside, and the competitors William Mancey, of Isleworth, and John Farrington, of Brentford; the former being a novice, and much younger than his opponent, who has rowed several races. The race was rowed in old-fashioned boats, and both men, having been well trained, came to the starting post in good condition. Farrington obtained the best place, and was the non-favourite, odds being slightly in favour of his opponent. Mr. Wilson, of the White Hart, Barnes, having been appointed referee, the men started, Mancey catching a crab at the moment of going off. This consequently gave Farrington a lead of nearly a length, and he had drawn himself considerably more than clear in 300 yards from the start. When, however, Mancey settled down to his rowing, he began to approach his antagonist, and collaring him by a fine spurt at the end of half a mile, drew level, and soon afterwards went in front. Farrington once or twice put on a spurt, but it was of no avail, and Mancey, increasing his lead, won easily.

The members of the Arundel Alliance Rowing Club intend winding up the present season with a handicap scullers race for a silver challenge cup and money prizes, to take place on Monday, October 21, from Putney to Hammersmith.



## THE DWELLINGS OF THE AGRICULTURAL POPULATION.

the dinner of the Docking Agricultural Association on day, some excellent observations were made on the part of labourers' cottages in agricultural districts by Sir Willoughby Jones, who argued that it was to the interest of proprietors and farmers than an improvement should be in the existing state of things. Sir Willoughby asked why improved farm buildings sprung up all over the country? It was to the interest of the landowner to have first-improving tenants, and he could not have these unless he had good homesteads. Let them apply this principle to the labouring man. Until the present time it was to think of doing so. Whenever they imported a new tenant into a parish, they imported a "dead weight," which might ultimately prove a burden to the pockets of the ratepayers or the landowner, because the letting of the land depended on the heaviness of the tenant. Therefore, that the landowner should build cottages which would materially deteriorate the value of his property was not to be expected, and the consequence was that they saw the number of cottages very slightly increasing. But now that the labourer became irremovable after years' residence there was a new state of things. Supposing he as an occupier felt it would be greatly to his interest to have some good labourers in three or four cottages near to his homestead, so that he might not have to send some miles to get a labouring man when he wanted him, and supposing three or four industrious families removed into those cottages which he had built for them, at the end of three years they would be irremovable, and if they came upon the rates he would have to pay the proportion that his farm bore to the whole. Therefore the risk run was very small. Let them see the greater number of occupiers did this; those who did not would pay their proportion for every one who had done it. Where a man had not done it on his own he paid his share at the rate for those who had introduced good and skilled labour near their own homesteads. It was a serious consideration, and when a few had begun to do it, a man who had to send a long way for his labour would begin to look sharp. He believed a good cottage could be built for about £70, particularly where two or three families together. He did not mean an extravagant cottage, which money was thrown away; but a good cottage, with a 14 ft. gable and 9 ft. walls, and two bedrooms, and a garden. If a cottage like this could be let for £3 10s. that would be 5 per cent. on the outlay, a per cent. more than was got on a good mortgage, and the return would be certain, because the cottage would be let to the occupier of the land, and not directly to the landlord or the labourer. Now, where was there a man who could not get from a good labouring man, either in rent, or an equivalent as part of his wages? Let us compare this with the cottages let for a far higher rent, there was no doubt that the rent could be got. He therefore believed that three or four such cottages near a homestead would be a good investment for the landlord and the tenant. If cottages of this kind were cast over the country, they would materially lessen the pressure on over-crowded places by carrying off a number of men who were now packed and crammed together, and materially alleviate the distress and demoralisation at present existing.

**CASE OF "PRESERVED" BIRDS.**—Some years ago the Field Service Club advertised that duplicate specimens of rarities, consisting principally of skins of rare birds of beautiful plumage, from the South Sea Islands, might be had on location, by persons desirous of promoting public museums. A gentleman of Yarmouth, well known for his devotion to natural science, immediately applied on behalf of the Priory Museum, and shortly afterwards a number of cases were forwarded to Yarmouth, and duly deposited under the care of the collector, to the great satisfaction of all concerned, it being confidently predicted that the possession of such a treasure—and nothing would create an extraordinary thirst for the study of natural history in the breasts of our youthful Cavaliers. It is to say, however, the lucky gift, once secured, was largely disregarded. The boxes with their contents were consigned to the dust and the worm, and their very existence had been out of memory, when last week a few gentlemen, who had undertaken the Augean task of cleansing the museum, discovered from a heap of rubbish the long-neglected boxes, unopened, not a single soul having had the curiosity during the years they had lain there, even to look into them to see what they contained! As a matter of course, most of the treasures became utterly worthless.

**RICH BEGGAR.**—On Tuesday, *Kazia Kadge*, a decent-looking woman, attired as a widow, was charged before Alderman Carter, at Guildhall, with begging. William Hewitt, one of the officers of the Mendicity Society, said he saw the prisoner going over several ladies, and knowing her as an old impostor, took her into custody. He found on her 7d. in silver and silver money, a silver watch, and a porte-monnaie—she recalled her name and address. Hewitt said this was one of the cases of begging that he ever remembered, the prisoner, far from being destitute or in distress, actually had as much as £100 or £200 invested in the Bank of England, and drew dividends regularly. The officer also said he had witnesses who would prove that the prisoner was a most determined beggar, and that she had expressed her intention to continue begging until she could increase her capital so as to yield her per week, upon which she meant to retire into private life. The prisoner whined a good deal and begged forgiveness, but not utter any promise to reform the life of imposition she was leading. Alderman Carter said he was afraid the prisoner was a great impostor, and he should treat her as one, for it was clear that, being in the possession of valuable property, she could not be suffering from distress. He thereupon committed her to prison for twenty-one days, with hard labour.

**USE SURGEON.**—"Ah, I have frequently neglected to tell you, but just now while I think of it, there's old Leaman's case. We have a slight mistake to rectify there before the next sits, and, indeed, before the report is got up—we took off the little arm!"—Visiting Surgeon: "Hem, well, well, but the little consequence, Mr. Cleaver, we can soon cure the arm, so that's all right."

## A GLIMPSE INTO OLD IRELAND.

In county Down, as a rule, all the farm buildings have been erected by tenants. The same bad, injurious fences which have existed for generations are maintained by the occupiers; and as landlords only in rare cases either build, drain, or improve roads, an immense amount of such ameliorations need to be effected, drainage especially being wanted to a great extent. Land being the main source of livelihood for the inhabitants, men give large sums for the right of occupying even indifferent farms, commonly paying a "tenant right" of £8 to £12 per statute acre; and though a tenant may mismanage and quit his holding miserably out of condition, he will frequently obtain a large sum as if the ground were improved. And, practically, the owner has no redress for bad treatment and impoverishment of his soil—suing a needy tenant being much of a piece with depriving a sturdy Gael of his pantaloons. Leases rarely specify how a man shall farm, and when they do are in practice disregarded. A tenant may dispose of straw, clover, hay, roots, as well as grain and animal produce; and, when quitting, usually sells off every stick and straw (and not by auction, where the incomer might have the chance of buying in such things as are indispensable), and then sells the right to occupy a bare, perhaps impoverished farm. The working of the system is that tenants are poor, the management and crops are poor, and the land is effectually maintained poor. Yet Down is considered a tolerably well-farmed county in comparison with some others. Many 20-year leases exist, but tenancy at will is now more prevalent; and though the proprietors possess great political influence over their tenants, courageous occupiers who may venture to vote for a "tenant-right" candidate, are not dismissed from their holdings. Except in solitary instances, the public feeling on the rights of an occupier is too strong to permit of easy ejection from farms, and an incoming tenant in such circumstances would doubtless have his stock killed, his buildings burnt, perhaps his own life taken. Land tenancy should certainly stand upon a more legitimate basis than this; and means of improved husbandry must be introduced. At present the larger proprietors have "agriculturists" who offer a lease to the tenant on better modes of conducting business in field and shed; but the culture can scarcely advance much without something like a doubling of the size of each holding, and landlords generally possess neither the means nor the inclination to buy up the buildings, rights, &c., from the tenant, or to make the large outlay necessary for the required permanent improvements. Obligatory legislation would be unconstitutional, and "permissive" legislation is amazingly dilatory in some quarters. Perhaps, after all, when Ireland obtains an efficient measure for the compensation of tenants and the saving of owners' interests, the multiplication of good individual examples will more speedily replace the present unfortunate order of things.

The small farming, badly done, which is characteristic of the more stony parts of Down, continues southward to the meadows and domains of Dundalk, and then, through the east of Louth county, to the flax and cotton spinning and cattle-shipping port of Drogheda. We make our way westward, through the fine county of Meath—by the glorious woods of Beauparc (the seat of the Marquis of Conyngham), by the pretty country about Navan, and through a district of good and bad grazing, intermixed with some tillage, to the town of Kells. Small cultivation of 10 to 50 acres of tillage land is seen in some parts of the county, as near Drogheda; and, again, bordering upon the butter and pig country of Cavan—where, on one 4,000-acre estate, are 550 tenants. But there is scarcely any dairying here. The large farmers, occupying up to 1,500 acres in extent, often combine a portion of tillage with grass, which forms the main feature of Meath. Potatoes and oats are the chief crops—the former being this season about one-half destroyed by the disease; and a considerable breadth of corn is yet in the fields, owing to the pouring rains, while some very green oats are not yet cut. Good yields give 130 to 170 stone per statute acre; but the average is probably below 90 stone. Turnips are not much grown, except by the larger farmers, but Aberdeens as well as Swedes of splendid quality are produced. The lighter lands are well adapted for sheep-folding; yet only a small percentage of a root crop can be eaten on the ground, because the succeeding grain crop would be so forced and pampered as to be prostrated and half-destroyed in the summer—such is the mild, moist nature of the climate. Indeed, wheat-growing is almost given up, and barley but little sown in comparison with oats. The system of letting plots of land for single crops is very prevalent, ground for potatoes being let near Kells at £5 to more than £6 per statute acre. Labourers get 1s. a-day all the year round, and pay rent for a bad cottage with small garden. Mr. O'Farrell, at his charming village of Moynalty, allows cottages (worth £3 a-year) to his workmen rent-free; many labourers get plots of potato land, and in some cases have a cow grazed by the farmer for the charge of £3 10s. or £4. There are men now working as farm-labourers who were once little farmers, but now in improved material circumstances; and it is likely that the extension of the large farm system, with improved machinery, will drive the tiny cultivators to become useful labourers instead of poor mismanaging cottiers.

Some parts of Meath were always in old grass; other lands have been laid down with permanent seeds; but at present pasture is not rapidly extending. Neither is the largest proportion of the grass of first-class character. The best feeding lands are found south of Trim, by Summerhill, to the border of Kildare county, a belt also stretching east of Kells, along the old coach road toward Drogheda, while there is another good tract on the coast near Malahide. These first-class grazing lands are geologically on the mountain limestone, but possess a deep strong soil or clayey loam, and probably overspread much less than a fourth of the whole county.

**SHARP AND SHARPER.**—Some years ago a person opened a tobacco shop on Fish-street Hill, and being in the immediate neighbourhood of the docks, the sailors were good customers. However, he was rivalled in trade—another shop was opened directly opposite, by a person of the name of Farr, who placed a flaming sign-board over his window, "The best tobacco by Farr!" The sailors now flocked to the new shop. Upon this, the original vendor had a new sign put up by his door, inscribed "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Farr!" He carried his point, and ran his rival out of breath.

## THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

The progress of the building of South Kensington during the past week has been unusually rapid. Every day of this exceptionally fine weather is so much gain to the contractors in point of time; and, indeed, so much advance has been made that there is little doubt that, if they choose, Messrs. Kelk and Lucas may bring their labours to a conclusion at a period much within that fixed for the completion of the structure. At the present time no fewer than 960 men are at work on the ground, independently of those employed at Finsbury Bank, where the iron for the domes is being prepared. The scaffolding of the eastern dome having been completed, its erection will be proceeded with immediately; most of the material is in a state of due preparation having been brought upon the ground, and lying ready to be fixed. In the nave, ten ribs of the roof have been raised; eight have been raised in the north-eastern, and two in the north-eastern aisles. Eight windows of the clerestory in the nave are in their places, and such advance has been made with the roofing as to enable some opinion to be formed with regard to the important question of light. A notion seems to prevail that, whereas the glass building of 1851 was on the whole rather too light, in the parts of the structure of 1862 which will be especially set apart for exhibition there will not be light enough. Considering that the building is intended for an exhibition in summer weather chiefly, it seems that as regards light it will be sufficiently, and indeed well adapted for its purpose.

## VARIETIES.

**CHEERFULNESS.**—A cheerful face is nearly as healthful as good weather.

**THREE ABSORBING WANTS.**—Poverty wants some things; luxury, many; and avarice all things.

**GOOD AND BETTER.**—"I'm not one man as good as another?" exclaimed a stump orator.—"Of course he is,"—shouted an excited Irishman, "an better!"

**HEARTS AND HEADS.**—A good heart often betrays the best head in the world.

**WIFE AND HUSBANDS.**—Every man thinks that Caesar's "wife" ought to be above suspicion, but he is far less particular as to what Caesar himself ought to be.

**GREEN SPECTACLES.**—Some people are never content with their lot. Clouds and darkness are over their heads. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity.

**FROM THE "ISLE OF THE SAINTS."**—"Padly, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the Phaeton of a jaunty car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset yer honour in a ditch two years ago?"

**BOOKS AND WOMEN.**—A good book and a good woman are excellent for those who know how to appreciate their value; there are those, however, who judge both from the beauty of their cover.

**WATER CURE.**—Water is nourishing. All you have to do is to put it into a pot over the fire, drop in a beef bone, rice, a few potatoes, and a little salt. Among hungry people this is called water-cure.

**APPETITE.**—"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the bachelors, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

**A DIFFERENCE.**—A garrulous fop, who had annoyed, by his frivolous remarks, his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply; "but I have often had them bored!"

**A "DIFFICULTY."**—One little "garden patch" of ours has been very profitable, very—this season. The snails ate up the cucumbers, the chickens ate up the snails, the neighbours' cats ate the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat the cats. Can any of our agricultural friends aid us?—*American Paper.*

**BOILING.**—An unfortunate landlord, going round to collect his rents, sent his servant forward to prepare his tenants for the visit. On reaching the first house, and seeing his servant taking a survey, apparently in vain endeavouring to gain admittance, he said "What is the matter, John? Is the door bolted?"—"I don't know, Master," was the reply, "but the tenant evidently has."

**A PATRON.**—A physician passing by a stonemason's shop, bawled out—"Good morning, Mr. D.! Hard at work, I see. You finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?"—"Why, yes," replied the old man; "unless somebody's sick, and you are doctoring him, then I keep right on."

**SPINSTERS.**—A young girl was introduced to James I. as an excellent even learned man in classical acquirements. "Well," said the monarch, "now tell me what this paddy can do." He was informed that she could speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. "Ah!" replied the king, "these are rare attainments for a maid—can she spin also?"

**HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.**—Go to Australia—stay there a few years—work hard at the diggings—fill your chest with nuggets—come home—turn your treasure into cash—visit your friends, who will condole with you on the life-long ailments you have brought home with you. In return for their sympathy, make your will—then die—and they'll say, "What a hearty good fellow!"

**CHARGE AGAINST A POSTMASTER.**—At the Liverpool County Magistrates' Court, on Tuesday, *Fanny Stephenson*, step-daughter to the postmaster at Garston, was charged with stealing a post letter. The Post-office authorities had discovered that at various times letters which were posted at Garston did not reach their destination, and in order to trace the cause of the non-transmission, they forwarded a test letter, containing a counterfeit half-crown. In consequence of this letter not being delivered, and from the fact that the prisoner had tendered the counterfeit money to a grocer in the village, she was apprehended. The case was sent for trial at the assizes. After hearing the above case a charge of a similar nature was preferred against the keeper of the post-office (*John Paulowski*) and his son. It appeared that a letter containing five sovereigns, which had been posted by a labourer, was stolen, and upon a search being made, the property was found in the prisoners' possession. This case like the former was sent for trial at the assizes.



**BILSTON MURDER.**

SEVERAL important facts have come to light since last week in further elucidation of the murder and burglary at Bilston, which continues to create considerable excitement throughout England, particularly in the Midland Counties. On Wednesday, the magistrates were engaged in privately hearing a confession from Maddocks, one of the men now in custody, which was taken down in writing. The substance of the document was that it was the accused Brandrick who committed the murder. Maddocks said he was not on the premises, which were entered only by the two men, Brandrick and Jones, *alias* Mullighan. He stood in the middle of the road; and they told him to stand there and see if any one passed, and he did so for upwards of half an hour. He saw two officers coming up the street, and he was

**A MATRIMONIAL HOAX.**

A Lancaster paper says:—"On Sunday afternoon much amusement was created at the Morecambe Railway Station, by one of those matrimonial hoaxes which—shall we say 'wicked?'—young ladies are so fond of concocting to the great discomfiture of matrimonially-inclined old 'buffers.' A worthy townsman of ours, over whose patriarchal head sixty summers have passed very lightly, had recently, to the great consternation of his relations, become susceptible of the tender passion. Ashamed of his weakness, and afraid of the ridicule of his friends, he resolved upon negotiating for double blessedness through the medium of the newspapers. Accordingly his 'want' was duly made public, and speedily responded to. Through the past came a sweetly-scented missive (redolent of Cupid) addressed to our hero, intimating—as ladies only can intimate—that blushing 'Spring' (in a fashionable state of maure) ardently awaited the presence of infatuated 'Autumn' (in, shall we say—'gaiters?') at Morecambe. It is Sunday afternoon at that salubrious watering-place, as elsewhere, and an old gentleman—old in years, but young in love—steps jauntily from out a railway carriage. In his heart reigns love and hope; in the button-hole of his coat a rose. He traverses the station platform impatiently, and draws stealthily from his coat pocket a handkerchief of the most orthodox purity. Shall he wave it and be happy, or shall he resign himself to the fate of a Benedick? He gazes on the young lady—she is there—'killingly,' and adopts the former course. Instead, alas, of a reciprocal movement, he hears a most unequivocal burst of merriment. Through some unknown agency, passengers become boisterously merry, porters highly hilarious, and the young lady in naive titters freely. Feeling that he had been most disgracefully 'roosed' on her, amidst general cries of 'Old

buffer' and 'Gaiters,' rushed precipitately from the station, and, seeking shelter in a bathing-machine, became a sadder if not a wiser man. We have only to add that under the shades of evening he sought his home, and the house in which he lived now bears the insignificant label 'To Let,' and that his only consolation is the poet's sentiment that, 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'"

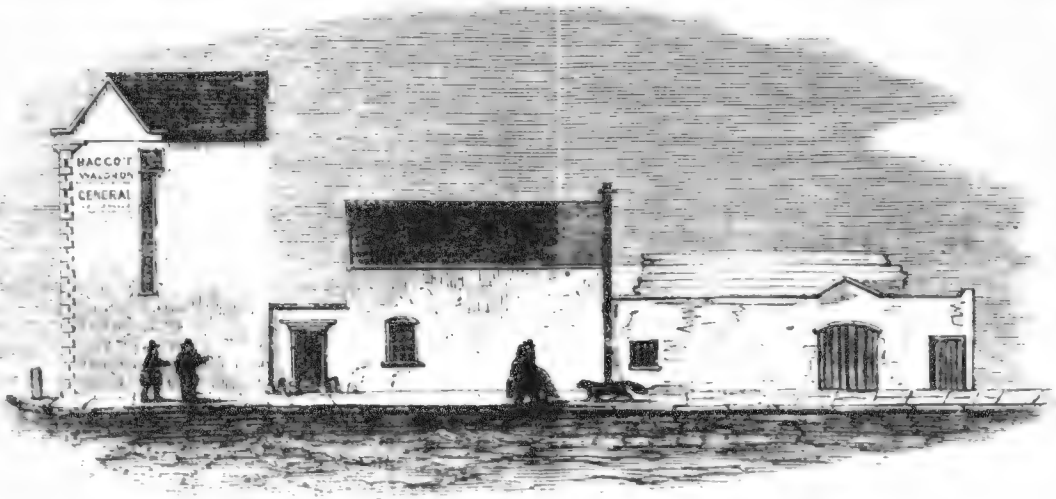
**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND HIS BATTLES.**—Mr. Everett, in an article which appears in a New York paper, says:—"During my residence in London I had several very interesting conversations with the Duke of Wellington on the subject of the battle of Waterloo. One of them took place in the ball-room at Devonshire-house, as we stood watching the dancers. He informed me that he had lately received a letter from a person about to write an account of the great battle, asking some information as to its details. 'I answered him,' said the Duke, 'that by comparing and studying the almost innumerable printed descriptions of the battle, English, French, and German, a man of sense could acquire a better knowledge of it at the present day, than anybody, even the commander-in-chief, could get at the time from personal observation.' 'Suppose any one,' he added, 'should ask us to-morrow morning to describe the position and movements of all the groups of dancers in this small space before us, we should not be able to report anything beyond what concerned a view of the more prominent personages on the floor. Much less can any individual observation extend to the detailed movements of numerous bodies of men extended over several miles.'"

**A KING AND A COBBLER.**—A Berlin letter says:—"The King of Hanover has just been received into the corporation of cobblers, the most ancient in the kingdom. His son has also been received. This custom of great personages getting admitted into trades' corporations is not of German origin, but has become imported from England, and excites much merriment here."

**PORTRAIT OF PRINCE ALBERT'S BROTHER.**

Personally, Ernst II. is a man who both attracts and inspires confidence. He has but a slight family resemblance to Prince Albert, than whom he appears younger, although two years older. His features are not so regularly chiselled as those of his brother, but more mobile and animated. He is about five feet ten inches in height, slender but perfectly symmetrical, and quick and elastic in his movements. His face is a fine oval, the forehead expansive at the temples, and the eyes a clear, splendid hazel. His nose is rather long, but not prominent; the lips firm and sharply cut; while a short pointed beard increases the character of decision. It is a mediæval rather than a modern head—such as might have belonged to that Ernst who was carried off by the robber knight Kunz von Kaufungen, and was his own ancestor in a direct line. He is passionately fond of hunting, riding, driving, and all other out-door diversions of which taste his tanned face and hands give evidence. His qualities of mind are too varied to admit of much profundity. He is at once author, composer, actor, and soldier, and with a conversationist of unusual powers. With an admiral's memory and a vital interest in every field of knowledge, there are few subjects upon which he cannot converse brilliantly. Quick, animated, sparkling, he provokes the electricity of the with whom he comes in contact. His greatest aversion, which should judge, would be a dull person. Yet with all the brilliant qualities, he is steady, prudent, and clear-headed—ambitious, no doubt, but intelligently so.

**LIVELY IMAGINATION.**—A countryman not very famed for classic lore was one day walking with a friend down Regent street in quest of a present for his lady-love. In a jeweller's window his eye fell upon a ring with the letters "A. E. I." engraved thereon. After puzzling his brain as to their purpose he at last cried, "Look there, Jim! the very thing I want. That means 'An Engaged Individual!'"



BILSTON MURDER—SIDE VIEW OF MR. BAGGOTT'S PREMISES.



BILSTON MURDER—INTERIOR OF SITTING ROOM. (FROM DRAWINGS BY R. TAYLOR, Q., 'E., BILSTON.)



## LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

## CHAPTER III.

One day the painter came to his work, and Lady Falconridge, who had been waiting for him, asked that they should visit the gallery, and speak to the artist. Elfrida calmly refused, and then asked if she might see the carriage, as she had some orders to give, and different to any relating to her previous day's work. Certainly," said Lady Falconridge. Elfrida saw Elfrida that day beautiful, calm, and collected, and through her business with the air of a woman of the world, and the ease of a great and self-possessed lady; meanwhile Lady Falconridge and her daughter, accompanied of course by the madam, who was less enthusiastic than on the previous day, paid the artist a visit. They found him polite, but exceedingly reserved. Assuredly he was a gentleman in outward bearing, and Lady Falconridge declared that his hands were exceedingly small. He declined the lady's offer to remain at the castle, despite assurances that his privacy should not be intruded on; and pressed himself exceedingly grateful for the permission given to copy the *Raffaello*. The day after day the artist continued his work. Slowly the picture of the great picture approached completion, and still the artist maintained his profound reserve. Lady Falconridge visited the gallery several times, but on no occasion was accompanied by Elfrida, who always found some excuse to avoid doing so. Elfrida was away from the castle a good deal, feeling the work she had begun on the day of the artist's arrival.

"My dear Elfrida," said Lady Falconridge, "you must not be so eager in your kind work—you have over-exerted yourself—I have noticed you have been quite pale for several days past."

"Have I?" asked Elfrida, quite calmly; and then began chatting about the ball.

The night came at last on which this entertainment was to take place. Lady Falconridge had determined upon this ball in order to introduce her niece to "the county" in as rapid and pleasant a manner as possible. Lady Elfrida had already seen many of the gentry in the district during the short interval between her arrival and the ball, but she was not considered to be "localised," so to speak, till she had met "the county" in full conclave.

Lady Falconridge and Constance were dressed and down, long before Elfrida made her appearance. When she entered the room the two ladies both started in amazement. Elfrida had clothed herself in that black, rayless silk, called widows'. The dress was as plain as it could be made, and fitted her so magnificently that she rather seemed modelled to it, than the silk to her. A heavy lace bertha circled her shoulders. So far, Elfrida's dress, exquisite as it was, betrayed no extraordinary taste; but its completion, which was only seen after the contemplation of a few moments, was wondrous.

She had laid aside her diamonds, and wore a complete set of opals.

You know these wondrous stones, which seem to contain an imprisoned and vivid fire. They are as mysterious as life. Elfrida's opals were exquisitely large and beautiful. They looked splendid in her hair—they looked still more so burning,

as it were, on the lustreless silk dress she wore; while the appearance of the circlet of these jewels round the transparent blue-veined neck was indescribable. Her costume was completed by a heavy wreath of nightshade. You know that terrible, yet magnificent flower, with its deep purple petals, its central cone of brilliant yellow, and its bright green leaves. The colours, equal in intensity, are a splendid contrast, and as they circled Elfrida's head, they looked unnaturally bright compared with the pure skin and dark dress.

"Elfy!" cried Constance, as the other entered the drawing-room; "you look terribly beautiful—oh! what exquisite opals—oh! what an exquisite wreath, where did you buy it?"

"Buy, Constance!" said Elfrida, "I plucked it myself."

"Plucked it?" said Constance. "Do you mean to say that nightshade is real?"

"Yes."

"Why, it will poison you!"

"Oh, no!"

"And it will fade!"

"Not at all; each stalk is in wet moss, the moss in a little receptacle—they frequently wear wreaths of natural flowers in this manner in Florence."

"Oh! Elfy, how your dress grows upon one," said Constance "I detest my pink already."

"Lady Elfrida," said Lady Falconridge, "I am convinced dress and display are the passions of your life!"

"Display!" said Constance, "display in black silk!"

"Yes," returned her mother; "Elfy's display is no common vanity—it is a science; tell me, Elfrida, am I not right?"



"IN THE VILLAGE."

For a moment Elfrida hesitated, then answered, "Yes, Lady Falconridge, you are right."

The numbers of invitations had been very great, and the crowd in the immense ball-room thickened almost to inconvenience by about ten.

Nearly the whole of the county notabilities were present; for Lady Falconridge moved in the very best circle, and the fame of Elfrida's beauty had spread through the shire.

Indisputably she was the beauty of the room; and her supremacy became the more remarkable by contrasting it with her apparent desire to be retiring and unobtrusive. Of all the beautiful crowd of girls just budding into womanhood she only appeared in heavy black. Those who were in mourning had taken refuge in white, and defied condemnation with black trimmings. As Elfrida moved about the room she seemed to create a kind of awe, which was none the less heightened by her calm, unabashed behaviour.

People, hearing she had recently left a convent, had expected to see a shrinking, meek-eyed beauty. Instead, they found a perfectly possessed, exquisite woman, who had so little of the common vanities of a youthful beauty about her, that she dressed in the style of a woman double her age, and assumed a bearing and behaviour infinitely more in accordance with middle life than youth.

It was noticed that she conversed more with the elder gentlemen at the ball than with the younger, and that she did not dance even once.

Old Lord Effington, who notoriously despised girls, as he called young ladies just brought out, was absolutely attracted towards Elfrida to such an extent that he conversed with her a whole quarter of an hour.

Being the scandal-monger and genealogist of the county, it suited Elfrida to extract all she wanted to know from him, and she asked him incessant questions till he was tired of answering them.

"Who, my lord," she asked, "amongst the best county people are not present?"

"The Peltons," returned the nobleman; "and, egad, they will not show for some time."

"Why not?"

"By Jove, has your ladyship been in England weeks, and not heard of the Peltons' catastrophe. Sir Jeffrey had but the one son."

"Oh, he is dead," replied Elfrida.

"Murdered," returned Lord Effington.

"How horrible," said Elfrida; "where, and how?"

"In Paris and, of all places in the world, at a masked ball. He was found dead, pierced to the heart by a dagger; poor fellow. He was a promising lad, and would have got the county some reputation."

"Had he quarrelled with anyone?"

"No—at least not with any man. Egad they say a woman murdered him."

"A woman!" returned Elfy; "how frightful!"

"Egad, my lady, it will become a most interesting case, and if she is caught, hers will be a *cause celebre*: they say she must be a woman in high society. Captain Anwold—Sir Harold Anwold's brother—vows she was an aristocrat."

"Oh, Captain Anwold saw her."

"No; but he took her hand, almost immediately after the murder; if indeed, the woman to whom Anwold spoke committed the murder. She was masked, and he did not see her face; but her domino flew on one side, and he saw that she wore diamonds—what exquisite opals you have, Lady Elfrida—and Anwold says he can swear to her hand and voice. The French police are after her; and if she is taken, she will be subjected, it is said, to a very curious test."

"Indeed—what?"

"Her hand is to be shown with many others to the captain, who is also to hear several women speak without seeing them. If the voice and hand he identifies belong to the same woman it will be a sad day for her."

"How exciting, my lord!" Elfrida continued; "it is quite a romance: of course under such circumstances we could not expect the Peltons to be represented here. Was the murdered man the only son of Sir Jeffrey?"

"The only son; the baronetcy reverts to a nephew, a youth who is half a Spaniard, and who, it is said, will shortly come to England."

"A Spaniard," Elfrida answered, more to herself than to



Lord Effington; then she added, "Captain Arnold is not returning to England, I hear."

"No! unless he gets leave before proceeding to India; whither his regiment shortly goes, it is rumoured."

At this moment Lady Falconridge passed. "Oh! Elfrida," she said, "I forgot to tell you, I have invited the artist Herman. You start! remember he bore a letter of introduction."

"Has he come?"

"No," answered Lady Falconridge, moving a step away, then she returned and said, "I am wrong, he is at the door."

Calmly, calmly as though about to look at an utter stranger, she raised her eyes towards the entrance and the artist.

He was a finely-made, dark youth, whose features were eminently melancholy.

He came forward at a slow pace towards the Lady of Ravelin and paid his respects to her in a calm pleasant manner.

"This is my niece, Lady Elfrida Falconridge," said Lady Falconridge to the artist, and passed on.

"I have not seen this lady in the gallery," he returned in English so pure that the slight accent to be traced seemed rather a blemish than a defect.

At this moment Lord Effington saw a friend entering the room, and, with a pleasant air, to Elfrida, he moved away.

"Well!" said the artist.

She made no reply, but calmly looked him in the face; meanwhile spreading open a fan of black eagles' feathers, set in a handle of fretted silver.

"Why do you not answer?" he asked.

"Why do you not question?" she returned, and so calmly that persons ten paces off, and looking towards her, had no idea that she had spoken.

"You do not tremble, Elfrida?"

"Why should I?"

"You best know," the artist gravely returned; "you knew I was here."

"On the very first day of your arrival?"

"And you did not seek to speak to me?"

"Why?" she answered, and in a tone of such dead inquiry that the artist was staggered.

"Take care, Lady Elfrida."

"I do. It would have been better had I taken care long since."

She spoke in a perfectly calm and monotonous tone. It was clear she was playing no part, but speaking really and truly.

"You have such courage, lady," he continued, "I wonder you did not seek me out before this evening."

"Do I seek you now?"

"No, I admit that."

"You can leave me at once; I shall not call you back."

"You are as passionless as a statue," he cried.

"And what right have you to complain?" she asked, a fierce tone for a mere moment dominating her voice.

The artist looked at her as though her audacity had almost paralyzed him.

"I have come to England to assert my rights."

"And pray, what rights have you over me," she asked, slowly fanning herself, and so calmly was she conducting this angry interview that many ladies who passed within a couple of yards of her beautiful presence envied her exquisite quietude.

"Those of a husband," he replied, speaking almost as calmly as herself; "you are my wife."

#### CHAPTER IV.

SEVERAL days had passed, and even the madam had grown partially tired about talking of her diamonds in connection with the ball, when Lady Falconridge suddenly looked up from her plain sample work on which she was engaged, and said "Oh, my dears, I have been talking with Mr. Herman, the artist, and I have agreed that he shall paint us. He refuses to hear of price—he stipulates only that we shall all sit to him."

"I detest portrait painting," said Elfrida.

"Why, my dear," asked Lady Falconridge.

"A portrait resembles death; I hate death."

"Elfrida, do not look so terrible," cried Constance.

"I cannot help it," returned Elfrida; "death poisons my entire life."

"Are you afraid to die, Elfrida," asked Lady Falconridge, in a hesitating voice.

"Afraid," cried the girl, her eyes flashing; "I'm not afraid to die, but it is so repulsive. I abhor decay. What great people those Egyptians were—they defied it."

"You strange girl," said Lady Falconridge, "people will not know whether to like or hate you."

"Just what my Lord Effington said," struck in the madam, who was reading "The Queen's Necklace." "My lord remarked that he didn't know—here he made a remark which I cannot repeat—he didn't know whether he admired her beyond everything, or was absolutely afraid of her. Most remarkable, wasn't it? Charming man, his lordship. So young for his time of life. I think you've made a conquest, Lady Elfrida—so charming."

Elfrida shuddered. "I know nothing more horrible than for a girl to marry an old man—to be sure I am not a girl."

"Not a girl," cried Lady Falconridge; "nonsense."

"I assure you I sometimes feel quite old," answered Elfrida, looking quite serious.

"Then we'll ask the artist to-morrow what your age is."

A callous look past over Elfrida's face. "Yes, we'll ask him."

"There," cried Constance, "you're looking just as you were after talking to Mr. Herman on the night of the ball. I think you dislike him."

"Yes," returned Elfrida; "there is such a deadness in the man's eyes, and he is so horribly calm."

Constance began laughing lightly.

"My dear Elfrida," she cried, "then, to be consistent, and if there is any truth in Ann Rochester's declaration that you are so cold and calm, you ought to despise yourself."

"Well, I do," returned Elfrida.

Poor Lady Falconridge, a nervous, confiding woman, looked up alarmed. "Despise yourself, why?"

"I am so weak."

"Weak!" says matter-of-fact Lady Falconridge; "you held in Harold's bay mare to-day."

"Yes—the coward—I felt tremble under me! By weak, mean I am nothing and I do nothing. I seem bound."

An awkward silence followed Elfrida's words. The faces of

her three companions were clouded with a kind of suspicious hesitation. As Elfrida looked rapidly round upon the ladies and saw the effect she had created, she flinched and bit her lips.

"Unguarded," she muttered, just above her breath; and the next moment began rattling one of those little French chansonsettes, which were composed and written to make hearts beat lightly and eyes shine.

Half-a-dozen moments, and the three ladies were smiling, and all distrust had passed from their faces.

The blithe little song had barely come to a conclusion, when Sir Harold entered the room.

"You truant!" cried Constance. "You went out after breakfast for two hours' shooting, and not one of us have seen anything of you since, and now it's nine o'clock."

Sir Harold looked towards Elfrida, who calmly added, "Oh, I saw Sir Harold in the village. By the way, aunt, that woman is dead."

"Dead, Elfrida! You said nothing to me of it."

"What was the use? It would have pained you, as it does now, and have done the woman no good. She must have suffered horribly. I wouldn't suffer as she did."

Elfrida raised her eyes to Harold's face, but for a moment—enough for her to see that he was looking admiringly at her.

"Poor creature!" said Constance, softly. Again Elfrida raised her eyes towards the baronet. He was looking at Constance now, not admiringly, but pityingly.

"Yes, I met Sir Harold in the village. I turned him into a district visitor, too; it was very ridiculous. I forgot to tell you I had seen him. Pray sit down, Sir Harold."

He did—near Elfrida.

It is true that it was the chair nearest to him, and the only seat unoccupied in the half circle of chairs about the stove; yet near Constance was an ottoman on which the stout young baronet was given to lounging.

An odd silence followed the baronet's act, and it lasted some moments. Lady Falconridge broke it by saying, "Harold, will you join us in sitting to Mr. Herman, the artist?"

"Ha! met him at the hotel to-night. Extraordinary fellow—Seems to look into your very soul. Bound to say I don't like him much—do you, Elfrida?"

"No," she returned, bluntly.

"We'll draw lots to see who is to set first to him," said Constance.

"Very well," said Elfrida; "I'm first—mine shall be a full face. I will look steadily at him all the time he is painting."

"We're to begin to-morrow," said Lady Falconridge.

That "next morning" saw Elfrida sitting in the gallery in which the painter preferred to work, and, true to her word, keeping her eyes full towards the artist. Those eyes might have been a little brighter than usual—assuredly not less beautiful.

At this moment the footman led the way into the gallery for a poor woman who seemed all smiles and tears.

"Heaven bless thee, my lady," she commenced as she saw Elfrida; "thou saved my daughter—her's sleepin' as putty as thee-sell, my lady."

"Why have you come?" asked Elfrida, and the artist remarked that she did not once look at the woman.

"Ah couldn't help it," said the woman; "my heart was so fool-loike, my lady—ah was forced to come—oh, my lady, if thee could see her sleepin' in cradle as putty as theese, my lady."

"My dear aunt," said Elfrida, fretfully, "don't look so wonderingly. The simple fact is, this poor woman has a sick child. The Ravelin doctor is—Mr. Nature made him. I remembered a simple cure they had in similar cases at the hospital for foundlings in Paris, and sent it her—and there's an end of the matter."

As she spoke she ran her hand rapidly over the little dog's ears. She did not see the honest Yorkshirewoman approaching, and who, the next moment, seized her hand and kissed it.

She struck the woman's arm down as though it had been fire. "How dare you?" she asked; then seeing the awful effect she had created upon Lady Falconridge, she added, "I am so awfully nervous, aunt, I cannot bear to be touched."

As for the poor woman, she fell back, feeling her shame all the more acutely that her gratitude forbade her from resenting the blow.

"Come, Mrs. Naller," said Lady Falconridge. "I can let you have some work if you have time to do it."

The poor abashed woman dropped Elfrida a short, quick courtesy, which the young lady returned with so frank and charming a smile that the grateful mother was once more going to pour out her thanks; but a warning something in Elfrida's face stayed her, and she followed Lady Falconridge without further words, hesitating and stopping, and half turning as she did so, a perfect evidence of Lady Elfrida's power.

She and the artist were once more alone.

"Well?" he said, fiercely, flinging down his stick.

She made no reply, but continued softly to smooth the dog's hair.

"You told me, Lady Elfrida, on the night of the ball, that you would see me in a day or so; a week has nearly passed."

"I told you no such thing," she replied, calmly.

"No? What did you say?"

"That you might see me. I am here."

"And, being here, I listen to you," the artist returned.

"Go on with your work," Elfrida said, calmly, "while we talk, or you will lose time."

He did not move.

"I will not speak," she continued, "till your brush is in your hand. Ha, that's well. Now what have you to say?"

"Why did you leave Paris so suddenly?"

"I had no one's pleasure beyond my own to consult."

"Do wives in England usually start on long journeys without a word to their husbands, Lady Elfrida Koernac?"

"Lady Elfrida Falconridge," Elfrida returned, in a calm, almost sweet voice.

"Oh Elfrida—dear Elfrida," the artist suddenly cried, breaking down in his anger, and flinging himself before Elfrida; "why did you abandon me?"

"You will please to get up off your knees."

"Elfrida—dear Elfrida, my wife," he cried.

"Some one may enter the gallery, at any moment."

"I do not fear," he said, wildly.

For a moment she lost her calmness, then regaining it, she said, "you will look ridiculous."

She knew her power. She had no sooner uttered the words than he leapt to his feet. All the deep affection which made the artist's face so gracious as he knelt before her was gone from it as he once more stood before her.

"I will claim my rights," he said.

"You have none," she calmly replied.

"Are you not my wife?"

"No."

"I have a copy of the register in this very house."

"It is not worth the paper it is written on."

"That," returned the artist, "remains to be proved."

"In a few words," Elfrida rapidly returned, "and the law trust I may ever have to speak to you. I hope you were ignorant of French law as was I when you married me, and will for my honor's sake call that ceremony. Before leaving Paris I learnt that in law I was not your wife at all; I did not complain; I held my peace, and came to England. Hither follow me—why?"

"I love you, Elfrida."

"I do not you; once deceived by a human creature, I have never loved again."

"But, Elfrida, you are an Englishwoman, the law does not affect you."

"Here—in this land, no; but in France—what am I in France?"

The artist made no reply.

"What am I? Answer me this—did you, or did you not, know the French law, Herman de Koernac, by which marriage was a mockery. You do not answer—at least you have grace enough to be ashamed."

"I—I confess I knew that if a Frenchman marries under twenty-five years of age without the consent of the parents that these latter can obtain the annulment of the marriage, but—"

"But—?" she asked, steadily.

"I did not intend my father and mother to know of the marriage."

"And would have passed before them as a single and dutiful son."

"I had the old excuse, Elfrida; I loved you."

"And so ruined me; for in those words lie the truth. Be I am not a weak woman, and I beat against my degradation I might have punished you; the name I bore, and bear, was your safeguard. You married me, an English girl, illegally your parents, infinitely lower than my own, were able to deny my position, and I, who live to rule, would have become—"

"In what?" she asked, fiercely.

She was silent for a few moments, then continued—

"I made no complaint; and left you and your land. Be content with this humility and silent endurance; do not force me to act, for I am your superior. I am free—go."

"Elfrida," the artist continued, "it is true in France our marriage might be broken if my parents thought fit; but I may gain their permission to nullify my wife."

"I do not ask you to gain it; I only intreat you—leave this place."

"You hate me?" he asked wildly.

"No."

"No," he returned with fervour; "then I will remain in England. My poor brush will gain us a living, and I will forget France."

"For a time," she returned; "but I can see into the future with a clearer eye than you. Again, I married the son of a duke; I did not wed a poor artist."

"Ah!" he returned, "then it was not myself, but my rank you loved."

"I loved you," she said, reluctantly. "Had you not told me everything, and offered me an English home a month since, I might gladly have hidden myself under its roof with you; now, it cannot be."

"Why not?"

"You have no right to question me."

"But I have a will to warn you," said the artist, fiercely.

"Do you know how near love is to hate?"

"As near as we are," she returned.

"Now listen; you are an adventurer in this castle. Your fortune is lost by the robbery of your guardian, and you have promised not to punish him that the world may never know the catastrophe. Having a position here you seek to gain immeasurably by it; now it is your profit to throw me aside. Do you think I, I—Herman de Koernac, will tamely endure this?"

"I defy you."

"You cannot—I am able to crush you with your own hand."

There was an odd smile passed over the features of Lady Elfrida—"I defy you," she replied once more; "do not force my indifference into hate. How can you prove your claim. You have a copy of the marriage register; it is useless. I could prove I was at the Ursulines' on the very day at which it is dated. I was married to you secretly; no one beyond the priest saw my face; he is dead. I have never lived with you, been seen by not one of your companions; and, finally, you pass as a single man at this hour in France. Pray, sir, where are your proofs that we ever saw each other till we met here at Ravelin?"

"Proofs," the artist cried, and his agitation was terrible to witness when compared with Elfrida's absolute calmness, which was so perfect that she had soothed the little dog to sleep.

"Proofs; do you see these?"

As he spoke he pulled a number of letters rapidly from a pocket-book.

Without replying, she laid the little dog softly down, went to the table, and wrote the words "Compare the hand-writings." Then she brought the paper and held it near the letter the artist was holding open in his hand. "You see," she said, "there is no resemblance."

"Yet these are your letters."

"They are not, I was undesirous of betraying myself. Letters are the carcasses of one's life—every word you have received from me was written by Julie de Mausin, my convent friend. You see—I defy you."

"I will force you to acknowledge me," the artist replied, and as he spoke he grasped her arm. She wore a bracelet that day, and as Herman seized her, the diamonds cut into the flesh. Lady Elfrida uttered a sharp piercing cry; and as she did so one of the doors leading into the gallery was opened, and Sir Harold Arnold entered.

Seeking the shrinking girl, and affrighted artist, Arnold strode rapidly towards Elfrida.

"I was seized with a sudden giddiness," she said, "this gentleman had caught me, I think, as you came in."

"I thank him," said the baronet, looking jealously at the artist; "but it is my place to help you, Lady Elfrida."

(To be continued.)

#### HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

WHOM TO MARRY.—Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be "look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents."

WEALTH.—Wouldst thou multiply thy riches? Diminish them wisely;—or wouldst thou make thy estate entire? Divide it charitably. Seeds that are scattered increase, but hoarded up perish.

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KEEPING CONSCIENCE.—Many a man has been ruined by keeping a fine stud of horses and a splendid equipage; but no one by keeping a conscience void of offence towards God and man. The conscience will always pay for good keeping "an hundred fold, now in this time," and in the world to come, eternal life.

BENEFICENCE OF GOD.—God, when he created the human species, wished them happiness. The same argument may be applied in different terms, viz.—contrivance proves design, and the predominant tendency of the contrivance proves the disposition of the designer. The world abounds in contrivances which, we are aware, are directed to beneficent purposes.—Paley's Moral Philosophy.

ELOCUTION.—I wish that all who conduct the education of young ladies, would insist on, at least, an audible utterance, and not consider their own office to be faithfully filled, unless a correct and graceful elocution is attained.—Mrs. Signourney.

THE EVIL OF MONEY.—To speak my real sentiments, I must freely own that as long as there is any property, and while money is the standard of all other things, I cannot think a nation can be governed either justly or happily; not justly because the best things will fall to the share of the worst men, nor happily because all things will be divided among a few (and even these not in all respects happy), the rest being left to be absolutely miserable.—Sir Thomas More.

WELCOME HOME.—Let me especially recommend to a young wife a considerate attention to whatever her husband will require when he comes home, before he comes home; in order that, on his return, she may have nothing to do but to share in the comfort and enjoyment for which she has provided, and may not be running about after his usual and reasonable requirements, exposed to his reproaches for her negligence, and to those of her own conscience, if she has any.—Home Truths for Home Peace.

DRATH OF THE RICH AND POOR.—Which, I wonder, brother reader, is the better lot—to die prosperous and famous, or poor and disappointed? To have, and to be forced to yield; or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game? That must be a strange feeling when a day of our life comes, and we say, "To-morrow, success or failure won't matter much; and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil."—Vanity Fair.

ORDER AT HOME.—One great source of evil to children, is the differences between their fathers and mothers concerning their faults, and the quarrels of which they are sometimes witnesses. Children cannot honour their parents when they see them quarrel; and if, when the father corrects, the mother will fondle the child, or the reverse, the child will have his way, and will be sure to repeat his fault. Many a child's soul will rise up in judgment against its parents on this account. Wherever there is a difference, God has given the authority to the husband, and the wife must not let the child see her oppose that authority. All differences must be privately settled.

SLAVES OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—It is a painful fact, but there is no denying it, the mass are the tools of circumstances; thistle-down on the breeze, straw on the river, their course is shaped for them by the currents and eddies of the stream of life; but only in proportion as they are things, not men and women. Man was meant to be not the slave, but the master, of circumstances; and in proportion as he recovers his humanity in every sense of that great obsolete word—in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will.—Kingsley.

#### LEARNING versus DIS-

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use of battering a man's and Latin pot-hooks, the dolls his last round jacke long-tailed blue, if ye d Spartan virtue of obedie rising, and them sort (

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MARRIAGE.—There is more (says Dr. Forbes W the neat little tenement who within perhaps two ( any resources but thei industry, have joined h engaged to share togeth duties, interests, trials,

The industrious wife is her own hands in domest house in order, or me clothes, or preparing th haps, the little darling floor, or lies sleeping in thing seems preparing to of husbands, and the b shall come from his toil i his little paradise. This pleasure. Health, conte ance, and bright prospect

REGULATION OF SLEE sleep is one of the circ tributes most to the prest suppression, even for a s with serious inconveni can it be carried beyond the time of being awake —that is for sixteen or eir feeling of fatigue a Our motions become mor lose their activity—the r —receives sensations ind muscular contractions w signs we recognise sleep, and we accor a position as can be prese We seek obscurity and sink into the arms of ( sively lose the use of ( eight ceases to act by cl small becomes dormant hearing after the smell- the hearing. The musc relaxed, cease to act bef the head; and these bef

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**LEARNING versus DISCIPLINE.**—"Larning! larning! larning!" is the cry of father and mother. "If my boy had the larning, what a jonus he'd be!" In course, ye old fools, your *bouchal* would be a swan among the goslings; but it isn't "larning" half the world want. Instead of "larning"—by which they mean cobwebs picked out of dead men's brains—they should get some discipline. Discipline! discipline! that's the only education I ever saw that brought a boy to any good. What's the use of battering a man's brains full of Greek and Latin pot-hooks, that he forgets before he doffs his last round jacket or puts on his first long-tailed blue, if ye don't teach him the old Spartan virtue of obedience, hard living, early rising, and them sort of classics? Where's the use of instructing him in hexameters and pentameters, if ye leave him ignorant of the value of a penny-piece? What height of stupidity it is to be fillin' a boy's brains with the wisdom of the ancients, and then turn him out like an *omadhuwa* to pick up his victuals among the moderns?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**MARRIAGE.**—There is nothing delights me more (says Dr. Forbes Winslow), than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and hand, and engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials, and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps, the little darling sits prattling on the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle, and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands, and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects are all here.

**REGULATION OF SLEEP.**—The regulation of sleep is one of the circumstances which contributes most to the preservation of health. Its suppression, even for a short time, is attended with serious inconveniences; and in no case can it be carried beyond certain limits. When the time of being awake has continued too long—that is for sixteen or eighteen hours—a general feeling of fatigue and weakness ensues. Our motions become more difficult—our senses lose their activity—the mind becomes confused—receives sensations indistinctly, and governs muscular contractions with difficulty. In these signs we recognise the necessity of sleep, and we accordingly choose such a position as can be preserved with little effort. We seek obscurity and silence, and gradually sink into the arms of oblivion. We successively lose the use of our senses; the first sight ceases to act by closing the eyelids—the smell becomes dormant after the taste—the hearing after the smell—and the touch after the hearing. The muscles of the limbs, being relaxed, cease to act before those that support the head; and these before those of the spine. In proportion as these things proceed, breathing becomes slower and more deep. The circulation diminishes—the blood flows in greater quantities to the head—the animal heat sinks—the different secretions become less abundant, and the digestion becomes less rapid. In a word, the whole frame having been tired, and in some measure worn out, relaxes, goes to rest, and prepares for the more increased action of the following day.

**LYING AWAKE.**—Nothing can be more prejudicial to tender constitutions, studious and contemplative persons, than lying long in bed, rolling and soaking in sheets, after any one is distinctly awake, or has slept a due and reasonable time. On the other hand, a free and open air is a kind of cold bath, especially after rising out of a warm bed; and, consequently, the circulation becomes brisker, and more complete; the nerves are braided up, as also the solids; while lying in bed soaks them in moisture. This is evident from the appetite and hunger of those who rise early, far beyond that which they get by lying in bed.—*Dr. Cheyne.*

**THE REAL QUANTITY OF SLEEP NECESSARY.**—"Healthy men," says the Rev. John Wesley in one of his works, "require little above six hours' sleep, healthy women a little above seven in four-and-twenty. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied I procured an alarm, which waked me the next morning at seven (near an hour earlier than I rose the day before), yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six, but notwithstanding this I lay awake the second night."

**OVER-WORKED WOMEN.**—An over-worked woman is a bad sight—sadder a great deal than an over-worked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael was driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples—sometimes letting her work with half her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go to

pieces—sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap bands were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and her back-aches and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightly of, as hysterical—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones—so many trials which belong to her fine and noble structure, that she is always entitled to pity when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.

**NERVOUS DISORDERS.**—Many inquiries have been made why nervous disorders are much more common among us than among our ancestors. Our hardy ancestors never complained of these disorders which we now lament. There were few or no nervous disorders till within these two or three hundred years. The answer is plain and decisive:—Our forefathers rose at four, their degenerate progeny lie till eight. Other causes may, no doubt, frequently concur, but the chief is—we lie longer in bed. Instead of rising at four, most of us who are not obliged to work for our bread, lie till seven, eight, or nine. We need inquire no further; this sufficiently accounts for the large increase of those painful disorders.—One common effect of either sleeping too long, or lying too long in bed, is weakness of sight, particularly that weakness which is of the nervous kind. When I was young my sight was remarkably weak. Why is it stronger now than it was forty years ago? I impute this principally to the blessing of God, who fits us for whatever he calls us to do; but undoubtedly the outward mean, which he has been pleased, to bless, was the early rising every morning.

**ALWAYS ROOM UP-STAIRS.**—A young man who was thinking of studying law, said to Daniel Webster, "Mr. Webster, I understand the profession of law is quite full, and that there are more than are needed; do you think there is any chance for me?" "There is always room up-stairs," was the reply—and as true as it was ingenious. Only a few persons reach the high places, and these are always in great demand—"there is room enough up-stairs." First-class farmers and mechanics, as well as physicians, lawyers, &c., always find plenty of room, plenty of work, and good pay. Whatever calling you choose, and it matters little, if it be an honest one, resolve to go into an upper story; but don't try to jump there by a single leap, or you may fall disabled. Rather begin at the bottom of the ladder, and patiently step upon each round.

**HUMAN NATURE.**—There have been human hearts constituted just like ours, for six thousand years. The same stars rise and set upon this globe that rose upon the plains of Shinar or along the Egyptian line; and the same sorrows rise and set in every age. All that sickness can do, all that disappointment can effect, all that blighted love, disappointed ambition, thwarted hope, ever did, they do still. Not a tear is wrung from eyes now, that, for the same reason, has not been wept over and over again in long succession, since the hour that the fatal pair stepped from Paradise, and gave their posterity to a world of sorrow and suffering. The head learns new things, but the heart practises old experiences. Therefore our life is but a new form of the way men have lived from the beginning.

## THE WEEKLY CORN MARKET.

The supply of wheat now offering in the Eastern counties is fair, though upon a much reduced scale when compared with that of last month. A general demand prevails, and our merchants, operating freely, gave 2s. per quarter above the values of last week. A good demand for barley, and 1s. per quarter more generally given.

At Liverpool, there has been a very strong market and a good inquiry for all descriptions of grain. Wheat was 4d. to 6d. dearer. Indian corn experienced an advance of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per quarter, and flour was quoted 1s. per sack and barrel higher than last week.

The French corn market reports are divided between higher and lower prices for wheat and flour; but lower prices predominate in most markets. Generally, there is little business doing. Oats continue mostly unaltered in value.

## THE WEEKLY MONEY MARKET.

The decline in the funds, which has been setting in for several weeks, appears to be arrested, though in the early part of the week it had made further progress, and the general tendency was unfavourable. The opening price of Consols, for account, was 92½, and they receded to 92½-sellers. The market was adversely affected by the advancing value of money in Paris and Hamburg, and by the fact of the exchanges at New York having receded to 107. It further appeared to be thought that money may become still dearer on the Continent, and that the Bank of England may possibly endeavour to arrest the probable export of gold to New York by advancing the rate of discount. Railways were not affected by these considerations; and subsequently they were all mostly forgotten in a revival of the rumour which attributes an intention on the part of France to break the blockade of the Southern ports of America, and by another to the effect that Prussia has recognised the new kingdom of Italy. On these rumours, and on a slight improvement on the Paris Bourse, the market recovered from the depression that had previously affected it.

The transactions in foreign stocks have been rather limited, and the general changes are unimportant. Mexican receded to 25½, but afterwards recovered to 25½; Turkish Six per Cents, of 1854 improved to 81½ to 82, and those of 1855 to 69 to 70. The new Italian Five per Cent. loan was flat. Brazilian Four-and-a-Half per Cents. were negotiated at 91½ and 91, Chilean Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 84½; Mexican, 25½; for the account, 25½; Portuguese, 47; Russian Three per Cents., 61; Sardinian, 81; Spanish Deferred, 41½ and 41; Passive, 16½; Certificates, 55½; Turkish Six per Cents., 1854, 80½ and 81; for the account, 80½; 81½, and 81; do. 1855, 68½, 69, and 69; for the account, 68½, 69, and 69; do. 1856, 70½; Austrian Five per Cents., exchange 108, 48½; Dutch Four per Cent. Certificates, 99, and Italian Five per Cents., 68½.

## THE GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, October 11.

## BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.

Cannon, Edward William, 3, London-road, Croydon, Surrey, auctioneer.

## BANKRUPT.

Davis, Isaac Noah, Brentford Distillery, Brentford, Middlesex, distiller.

Judd Frank, 11, Charing-cross, Middlesex, tobacconist.

Child, Henry William, 7, Borough-street, Brighton, Sussex, builder.

Wade, Robert, 11, Devonshire-terrace, Notting hill, Middlesex, grocer and tea dealer.

Culverhouse, William Henry, 126, Banhill-row, Finsbury, Middlesex, manufacturing joiner.

Rauch, Gustavus Frederick, Huggin-lane, Wood-street, City, warehouseman.

Bond, William, Bread-street and Tower-hill, parish, St. Philip, Bristol, victualler, engineer, and ironfounder.

Mercer, William, Rossett, Denbighshire, brewer and malster.

## INSOLVENT PETITIONERS.

B. Coulton, Liverpool, master mariner—N. Dean, Liverpool, besom maker—J. Marriott, Bristol, Gloucestershire, clog manufacturer—J. King, Bodminster, Gloucestershire, out of employment—J. Payne, Coventry, Warwickshire, fishmonger and dealer in game—W. Harbourn, Coventry, Warwickshire, cowkeeper—C. Francis, Coventry, Warwickshire, grocer and provision dealer—S. P. Weatherill, Coventry, Warwickshire, watch manufacturer—H. Payne, Bosworth, Rutland, Derbyshire, potato dealer and fruiterer—R. Pritchard, Buth, Brecknockshire, cordwainer and farmer—W. Bradley, Lincolnshire, in no business—T. T. Taylor, Cushton, Lancashire, iron moulder—J. Fleet, Hale, Lancashire, butcher—J. Mitchell, Selby, Yorkshire, cooper—H. Martin, Stilton, Huntingdonshire, farmer and agent for Burton ale—E. Stacey, Manchester, warehouseman—O. Kingston, South Molton, Devonshire, cabinetmaker—J. Kingsbury, Aylesbury, Bucks, licensed victualler and coachman—J. Shapland, Ramsgate, Kent, tailor and draper—S. Irish, Monkton, Buckinghamshire, chair turner and cooper—C. T. Revis, Barkinghead, Cheshire, out of business—N. Waller, Hundolveston, Norfolk, farmer and dealer in pigs—J. Jackson, Little Langdale, Westmorland, grocer and farmer—J. Abbott, Birmingham, out of business—T. Mollard, Netherchell, Warwickshire, schoolmaster—W. Palmer, Birmingham, plater—T. Wedge, Birmingham, implement maker.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Allan, Fraser, and Company, Glasgow, ironfounders.

J. Campbell, Rotheman, Buteshire, spirit dealer.

A. Paterson, Glasgow, smith and bellhanger.

A. MacLaren, Strathpeffer, Ross-shire, innkeeper.

C. Hardmead, Glasgow, India-rubber merchant.

T. M. Macay, Cargoe, Caithness-shire, farmer.

TUESDAY, OCT. 15.

## BANKRUPT.

Gustavus Frederick Rauch, Huggin-lane, Wood-street, warehouseman.

Edward Nicholson, Cornhill, stockbroker.

John Eusden, Ely, Cambridgeshire, builder.

Charles Thomas Ingram, Gloucester-street, Finties, merchant.

Joseph Ullmann, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and Wallbrook, merchant.

William Curtis, late of Great Berkhampstead, rag cutter.

Thomas Pearson Hesketh, Newman-row, Lincoln's inn-fields.

Frederic Robert Partridge, and Henry Edwards, King's Lynn, attorneys.

Robert Hicks, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, and Simes-villas, Lewisham, house agent.

James Mason, Ware, malster.

George Hadley, Birmingham, fruiterer.

William Large, Tunstall, grocer.

Francis Ormond, Oulton, Leicestershire, cattle jobber.

William Hirst, Huddersfield, woollen manufacturer.

Edward Jenkins, Stroud, Gloucestershire, outfitter.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

J. Laird, Glasgow, paint manufacturer.

C. N. Rutherford, Bridge of Allan, druggist.

G. Gordon, Dallas, Elgin, general merchant.

D. Sutherland, Lathron, Caithness-shire, farmer.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT.

(Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison, sole Lessees.)

WILL OPEN for the Sixth Operatic Season on Monday, Oct. 21.

Soprano—Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Thirwall, and Madame Guérin; (her first appearance on the English stage.)

Contralto—Miss Susan Fyne, Miss Toppan, and Miss Jessie McLean (her first appearance on the English stage.)

Baritone and Basses—Mr. Santley, Mr. Henry Over, Mr. Fyot, Mr. Theodore Dintin, Mr. Eugene Dusek, Mr. T. Wallworth, and Mr. George Honey.

Tenors—Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. A. St. Alban, Mr. C. Lyall, and Mr. W. Harrison.

Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison have much pleasure in submitting the following list of new works, for the production of which they have entered into definitive arrangements with the eminent composers and authors whose names are subjoined, viz.:

Ray Biss, an opera, by Howard Glover (which will be presented on the opening night, October 21); The Toyman, an opera, by George Linley (which will be produced on Tuesday, October 22);

Contralto—Miss Susan Fyne, Miss Toppan, and Miss Jessie McLean (her first appearance on the English stage.)

Baritone and Basses—Mr. Santley, Mr. Henry Over, Mr. Fyot, Mr. Theodore Dintin, Mr. Eugene Dusek, Mr. T. Wallworth, and Mr. George Honey.

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EVERY THURSDAY, price 3d., post free, 4d.

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**E. MOSES and SONS**

beg respectfully to acquaint the public that they have made preparations, on an unprecedented large scale, for the Autumn and Winter Seasons. Their Stock of OVERCOATS comprises every modern style in all kinds of seasonal and serviceable materials, with the latest improvements in workmanship. The EVEREST, CHESTERFIELD, and SHELBURNE OVERCOATS are particularly recommended.

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Their Bespoke Clothing Department is too important a branch of their business to be passed over without a special notice. It offers a perfect fit, combined with the most fashionable and comfortable styles, and the most elegant workmanship.

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City Establishment—Corner of MINORIE and ALDGATE, 154, 156, 157, Minorie; 81, 83, 85, Aldgate.

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508, 507, 506, New Oxford-street; 1, 2, 3, Hart-street.

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**FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.**

Price 1s. 11d. and 2s. 6d. per box. This excellent Family Pill is a medicine of long-tried efficacy for purifying the blood, so very essential for the foundation of good health, and correcting all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, or three doses will convince the afflicted of its salutary effects. The stomach will speedily regain its strength; a healthy action of the liver, bowels, and kidneys will rapidly take place; and reward health will be the quick result of taking this medicine, according to the directions accompanying each box.

PERSONS of a FULL HABIT, who are subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy, juvenile bloom to the complexion.

These Pills unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect; and for elderly people, or where an occasional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted. In consequence of the great and increasing demand, the Proprietor has obtained permission from Her Majesty's Commissioners to have the name and address of

"THOMAS PROUT, 229, STRAND LONDON,"

impressed upon the Government Stamp, affixed to each box.—Sold by all Vendors of Medicine.

**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.**

This elegant and fragrant Oil is universally held in high esteem for its wonderfully nourishing properties. For children it is invaluable, as forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s., 6d., equal to four small, and 21s. per bottle. Sold at 20, Hatton Garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.—Ask for "Rowlands' Macassar Oil."

**EPILEPSY CURED BY THE PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN HANDS.**

"FELIX, Somersetshire, September 17th, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—I ought to have written to you ere this, to tell you the benefit I have received from your Galvanic Chain Hand in Epilepsy. I felt its beneficial effects the first time I wore it: the fits gradually leaving me, and my getting stronger every day, and hope I am perfectly cured. You may make this public if you choose.—I am, yours truly, JAMES FRIPPEN."

Numerous Authentic Medical and Scientific Reports of Cures in many other diseases, with Thousands of Testimonials, are compiled in a Pamphlet.

**FULVERMACH'S IMPROVED MEDICO-GALVANIC SYSTEM OF SELF-APPLICATION** (sent post free, by J. L. FULVERMACH, of 43, Oxford-street, London, where the original letters may be seen).

**BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER**

Is the only one that has stood the test of the most eminent men of the day. As you value your health, insist upon having Borwick's, and do not be put off with inferior articles, which shopkeepers recommend because they are allowed a larger profit than the others. Sold every where in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. packets; and in 2s., 6d., and 5s. boxes.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—WEAKNESS.**

WASTING.—How many persons suffer from debility without knowing the cause. In most cases, the Stomach is the aggressor. Holloway's Pills have been tried by thousands, and have cured a rebellious stomach, and restoring its healthy, digestive tone.

**A GOOD FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST,**

With a prudent use, has saved many a life; and yet, we think the idea might be improved by the addition of a more simple form. Take some good compound, such as Cockle's Antibilious Pills, and we find that the desired end may be obtained without scales and weights, or little mysterious compartments, and enchanted bottles with crystal stoppers. Others might be hard, but Cockle's Pills, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose so well, may be set down as the best.—*Observer.*

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The best and cheapest are to be obtained of

**PHILLIPS and CO., 8, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

A Price Current post free on application.

**JOHNSON and CO'S TEAS.—Have you tried**

them? Certified by Dr. Normandy as to their purity and goodness, under 4000 certificates, and reduced to 10 more. 3s., 2s., 1s., 6d., 3d., 2d., 1d., 1/2d., 1/4d., 1/8d., 1/16d., 1/32d., 1/64d., 1/128d., 1/256d., 1/512d., 1/1024d., 1/2048d., 1/4096d., 1/8192d., 1/16384d., 1/32768d., 1/65536d., 1/131072d., 1/262144d., 1/524288d., 1/1048576d., 1/2097152d., 1/4194304d., 1/8388608d., 1/16777216d., 1/33554432d., 1/67108864d., 1/134217728d., 1/268435456d., 1/536870912d., 1/1073741824d., 1/2147483648d., 1/4294967296d., 1/8589934592d., 1/17179869184d., 1/34359738368d., 1/68719476736d., 1/13743